WISDOM

THE MAGAZINE OF KNOWLEDGE FOR ALL AMERICA

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT
portrait by Halsman

special edition | ELEANOR ROOSEVELT — HER STORY

And other timeless articles magnificently illustrated

NINETEENTH ISSUE

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WISDOM

THE MAGAZINE OF KNOWLEDGE FOR ALL AMERICA

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Eleanor Roosevelt's great interest in the advancement of education and knowledge through the medium of publishing led her, along with many other distinguished Americans, to become one of the first enthusiastic supporters of WISDOM. She is shown here, with Editor and Publisher Leon Gutterman, looking over an advance copy of WISDOM'S First Edition.

◀ SANTA FE RAILWAY PHOTO

NINETEENTH ISSUE

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ACKNOWLEDGING THE MEN AND WOMEN OF WISDOM

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT, in addition to her activities as a world citizen and humanitarian, has achieved recognition as a columnist and author. Her work is sampled in "From the Wisdom of Eleanor Roosevelt" and "F. D. R. as Seen by Eleanor Roosevelt," both of which were taken from *My Days* © 1938 by United Feature Syndicate, Inc. and published by Dodge Publishing Co.; *It Seems to Me* © 1949 by The Curtis Publishing Company and 1954 by the McCall Corporation and published by W. W. Norton & Co.; and *If You Ask Me* © 1954 by The Curtis Publishing Company and published by D. Appleton-Century Co. Inc.

FREDERICK CLAYTON, senior editor of WISDOM and author of the two-part profile feature in this issue, "Eleanor Roosevelt," assures the magazine that he has undertaken few writing assignments that gave him the genuine satisfaction this one did. But although he has long been an admirer of Mrs. Roosevelt, he knew relatively little about the early part of her life until he began the necessary research for the present profile of her. A native of the Middle West, Mr. Clayton did his undergraduate study at the University of Minnesota, his graduate work at Columbia University. He has been a free lance writer, an editor on the staffs of magazines such as *McCall's, Argosy* and *Liberty*, a teacher of college journalism and English. During World War II he spent almost three years overseas as an accredited news correspondent and director of public relations, covering American Red Cross activities in North Africa, Italy and France.

DONALD CULROSS PEATTIE's contribution to the July issue of WISDOM is the dramatic Charles Darwin story, "Gentle Titan," taken from the author's book, *Green Laurels*, copyright by the author and published by the Garden City Press Inc. in 1936. As a historian and a scientist in his own right, Mr. Peattie is the author of a score or more of books in both fields and has written several others in collaboration with his wife, Louise Redfield. He was born in Chicago in 1898 and was graduated from the University of Chicago, *cum laude*, in 1922. During the late '30s he worked as a John Guggenheim Fellow. And in 1946 he received his A.M. degree from Harvard. He belongs to a number of honorary historical and scientific societies.

As a professional musician and conductor, KURT BLAUKOPF has written much on musical subjects for periodicals, both in Europe and in the United States, and has published several volumes on music and musicians. "The Conductor," appearing in this month's WISDOM, was taken from his book, *Great Conductors*, translated from the German by his wife and first published in English in 1955 by Arco Publishers Ltd. Born in the Ukraine on the eve of World War I, the author had a thorough and prolonged grounding in music in Europe, eventually became an orchestra conductor. Later, when he began to write, he was generally regarded as the most outstanding music critic in Vienna. Several of his books on music have appeared in English, notably *Music Sociology* (1950), *Lexicon of Symphony* (1953), *Great Virtuosos* (1955), and several of his magazine articles, such as "New Light on *Wozzek*," published in the *Saturday Review* in 1953, have broken new ground.

WISDOM's article, "Modern Israel," in the present issue of the magazine, is the work of two well known experts on the history and present difficulties of that new country, DR. THEODORE HUEBENER and DR. CARL HERMANN VOSS. Authors Huebener and Voss collaborated on the book titled *This Is Israel*, copyright and published in 1956 by Philosophical Library, the volume from which WISDOM's study of Israel was taken. – Theodore Huebener is a New Yorker by birth and is a widely traveled and internationally known linguist, educator and writer. He has visited Israel a number of times, on occasion as the guest of the Israeli government. And in 1950-51 he served as a consultant for the United States Department of State, then instituting its Educational Program in Occupied Germany. The latter post resulted, in part, from a detailed survey of 100 European schools that Dr. Huebener had made shortly before World War II. At various times he has been consultant and official guest of the French Foreign Office and Italian Ministry of Culture and has served other European countries in similar capacities. He received his education at CCNY, Columbia University and Yale, where he took his Ph.D. He is a frequent contributor to professional journals and has published a number of textbooks. – Dr. Carl Voss's educational background prepared him for the ministry. A native of Pittsburgh, he first studied abroad, in Denmark and Switzerland, then continued his education in the United States, at Chicago Theological Seminary, Union Theological Seminary and the Yale Divinity School. He received his doctorate from the University of Pittsburgh in 1942. As a world traveler, a student of racial and international relations, a lecturer and author, Dr. Voss's far-flung activities have provided him with a rich variety of experiences in the fields of religion and humanitarian causes. In 1947, he published his *Answers to the Palestine Question* and in 1953 his book, *The Palestine Problem Today*. Much of his writing and lecturing on religion have been done as a minister in the United Church (Congregational-Christian-Friends).

PICTURE CREDITS

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LEON GUTTERMAN, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

THE POWER OF WISDOM

A Message from the Publisher

Did you know that the power of true wisdom lies primarily with *you*, the readers of WISDOM? Victor Hugo once said, "There is nothing more powerful than an idea whose time has come." We have always felt that WISDOM is such an idea, an idea whose constant goal is to present knowledge, to enlighten and to advance understanding. This has been the ideal, but the power of any ideal, the power of WISDOM, depends upon what *you* do with it, how *you* use it.

It is WISDOM'S purpose to place in your possession the keys to a very great treasure – a limitless storehouse of knowledge, beauty, learning, wise and careful thinking, whether it be about the little world of man, or about the great universe that surrounds man's little world. Through its 19 months of publication, you have shared in this experience with us, and it is our sincere belief that what we have all gained has been of real and lasting value. Now we should like to enable you to help us to bestow the timeless and priceless gifts of WISDOM on your friends, relatives and business associates.

It is for this reason that WISDOM makes the remarkable announcement contained on pages 77-80 of this issue, an offer which we urge you to consider carefully and use to full advantage. Here are the means by which *you* who have shared in the immeasurable benefits of WISDOM can help others share in these same gifts.

The offer made on pages 77-80 is *your* key with which to open WISDOM'S treasure house and share it with others who, like you, feel the need and appreciate the ennobling power of WISDOM. True wisdom – the very quality that makes it such – continues to exist because it has the capacity to be shared by everyone.

Help us to spread the light of WISDOM. Join the WISDOM drive for new readers by taking advantage now of WISDOM'S special offer and presenting the magazine as a thoughtful gift from you to all your friends.

Leon Gutterman

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

PART I. - *Humanitarian*

written expressly for WISDOM by Frederick Clayton

A HUMAN PERSONALITY, whether inconspicuous or outstanding, is the sum of two things: family heritage (the raw material of human nature, a matter of genes and the like) and experiences of both events and people (the impressions made by what is discovered about one's surroundings, and what one learns from those discoveries). In the case of Eleanor Roosevelt, it is people – and only a few of those – whose influence has been most deeply felt.

Of Mrs. Roosevelt's two autobiographical books, the one called *This Is My Story* covers the early part of her life up to the period ending in 1924. By that time, she had been married almost 20 years, had borne Franklin D. Roosevelt six children (one of these died in infancy), and her husband had established himself securely as someone to be reckoned with in both Party politics and public affairs. The people who figure importantly in this part of her story are not numerous, but the impression they made on her is unmistakable. The book is quiet and leisurely in pace and, as she says, a picture of a way of life that has now changed completely.

The second volume, titled *This I Remember*, carries the account of Eleanor's life through the crucial years in the White House to the time of World War II and President Roosevelt's death in 1945. The scene is crowded, for, by then, the world had come alive for Mrs. Roosevelt, and much of its dull, sedate propriety had been lost. But again, there are very few people who influenced her strongly, though those few counted a great deal in the shaping of her personality and interests.

"My friends are responsible for much that I have become, and without them there are many things which would have remained closed books to me," she asserts, toward the end of the first half of her life story.

In another place, she says, "I was for many years a sounding board for the teachings and influences of my immediate surroundings. The ability to think for myself did not develop until I was well on in life, and therefore no real personality developed in my early youth." She does herself an injustice here – excessive modesty and the habit of self-disparagement have always been among her dominant personality traits – for her own account of her girlhood shows that she did a great deal of thinking, mostly about people, but kept her thoughts to herself.

She looks back upon those not too happy early years with some misgivings now, evidently with the conviction that she had neither very much to offer at the time nor anything that gave indication of special potentialities for the future. It is almost as if she is puzzled today to know how she ever managed to come so far from such a poor and unpromising beginning.

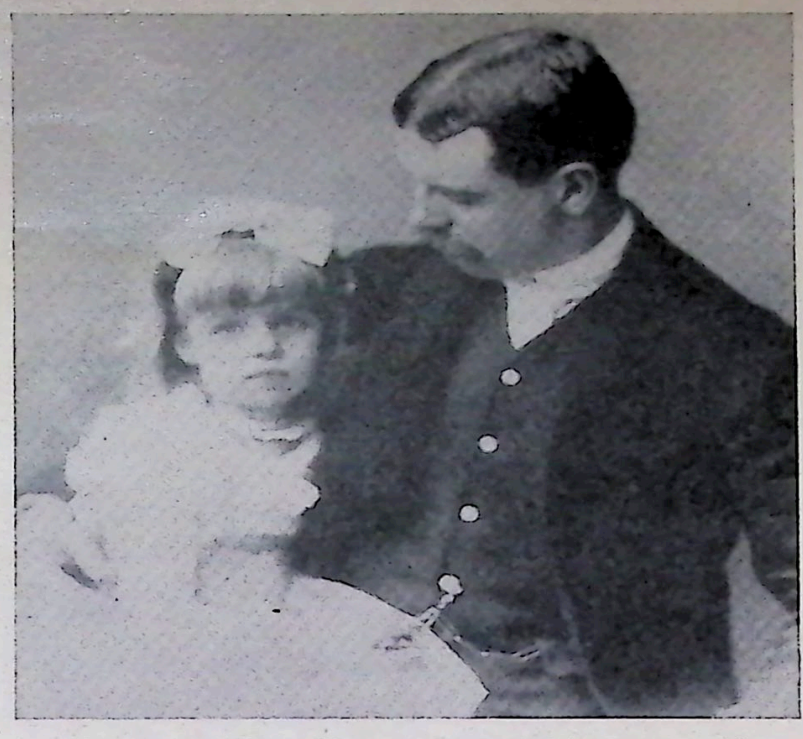
Yet the youthful Franklin Roosevelt, who at that time lacked anything but a superficial knowledge of the opposite sex and was wholly inexperienced in the rest of life's realities – he had not even finished his undergraduate work at college, much less taken his law degree – must have discerned something unusual in this wistful girl of 19, sensing some of the true qualities that lay hidden beneath her surface shyness, her sadness, her conventionality, her fearfulness, her uncertainty about life and her self-consciousness over what she believed to be her unattractive appearance.

So far as his selection of a wife was concerned, it remained for one of the first of Franklin Roosevelt's biographers, R. H. Kiernan, to state the case for Eleanor, as seen through Franklin's eyes, rather more clearly than anyone had done thus far. He had this to say: "Eleanor Roosevelt seems to have been the earliest example of Franklin Roosevelt's flair for choosing the right collaborator."

So strong was Mrs. Roosevelt's conjugal sense that invariably she did everything in her power, using the very considerable amount of tact and intelligence at her command, to make her husband's difficult physical life easier for him and less of a crippling handicap. There is a fine old word with a Biblical ring that fits her case exactly: "helpmeet," which she most certainly was to her husband throughout their entire married life.

One special aspect of Eleanor and Franklin's relations seems to stand out with great clarity: No matter what happened, they were always able to preserve the strong feelings of respect and admiration they had for each other. And in any marriage that is a very great asset indeed.

That Mrs. Roosevelt was persuaded to write at such great length about herself almost certainly resulted in large part from her firm belief that her husband was one of the truly great men of the world, and that anyone as close as she was to him was privileged to know much about him that others could not possibly know. The second half of her autobiography is, if anything, given over almost more to Franklin and his public career than it is to her own life and activities. This is proof enough of her deeply rooted feeling that without him she would have been nothing.



Between Elliott Roosevelt and his 5-year-old daughter was a love that made Eleanor happy.

Anna Hall Roosevelt was remote, aloof to her child. Mother and daughter were never close.

Nevertheless, President Roosevelt's Secretary of Labor, Frances Perkins, has praised Eleanor in her own right by saying that she, more than any other person, was the one to whom the President turned instinctively in order to get at the truth of what was happening in the places where he could not go himself, especially those places where he knew the conditions affecting the lives and welfare of American citizens would be of concern to his wife. His attitude toward her, according to Miss Perkins, was one of complete confidence and trust, particularly where Eleanor's womanly intuitions and feelings counted in any way. Quite simply, says Miss Perkins, "They were partners."

Mrs. Roosevelt is, as her friends are well aware, and as her own writings make perfectly clear, a very feminine sort — though perhaps "womanly," here, would have the finer shade of meaning. And largely for that reason, her feelings, from the very first, were somewhat more likely to be directed toward men than women. With the exception of one woman, a vital, brilliant and intellectual Frenchwoman whom Eleanor had the good fortune to encounter in England when she was still an impressionable young schoolgirl in her early teens, there seems never to have been at any time a woman whose strong, positive influence she has felt very deeply.

On the other hand, there were at least three men who made deep and lasting impressions upon her nature, or who, in greater or lesser measure, helped to change her thinking.

First, there was her father, Elliott Roosevelt, a gentle, debonair New York society man of great charm and an affectionate nature, who died not long after his wife's death, when Eleanor was only 10. Eleanor had been born October 11, 1884. His influence she felt mostly because of the strong father-daughter tie that existed between them, the sort of affection that she was very much in need of as a small girl, because her beautiful mother would always seem to her somehow remote and aloof. Crushed by the loss of his wife, Eleanor's father had begun to drink, with the result that the somewhat pious relatives on the mother's side who provided a home for the three motherless children, Eleanor and her two younger brothers, regarded the father as a questionable influence for his children. Disapproving of the more dynamic Roosevelt family as they did, the Halls, Eleanor's widowed grandmother and the numerous aunts and uncles, made certain that the father saw very little of his children, and that the children saw equally little of any of their Roosevelt kin. Most prominent among the latter was the irrepressible Theodore Roosevelt, her father's brother.

When her father, too, died suddenly, it was years before the girl began to recover from the shock of his going, even though she says she was completely successful in denying the harsh fact to herself, so that he continued to live on in her childish imagination much as he had before. His influence would always be there in the shadowy background of her life, and the first volume of her autobiography she dedicates in this way: "To the memory of my father, who fired a child's imagination, and to the few other people who have meant the same inspiration throughout my life."

For several years immediately after that first emotional crisis there was a feeling of apathy toward her surroundings, if not of actual dislike. During her lifetime, it is true, there have been a few people close to Eleanor Roosevelt to whom she has reacted with either neutral or almost negative responses. Her mother, perhaps, was the first of these: Apparently there was never very much affection between Anna Eleanor Hall Roosevelt and her daughter. In contrast to Eleanor's father, whose pet name for his daughter had always been "Little Nell," after the Dickens character in *The Old Curiosity Shop*, her mother had always belittled the girl's plain, old-fashioned looks and ways by calling her "Granny."

When Grandmother Hall took the 8-year-old Eleanor and her two brothers into her own large New York household to live, the little girl began to develop certain vague fears and feelings of rejection and to display antipathies toward her grandparent. Mrs. Hall was a strict disciplinarian except where her own older and somewhat overindulged children, Eleanor's aunts and uncles, were concerned. As a consequence, with no friends or playmates of her own age, and with the Hall household made up of adults or near-adults, Eleanor's childhood was lonely and more than a little desolate. She missed her father terribly even though she refused to admit that he had gone, and when the elder Roosevelt's namesake, Elliott, also died, she felt very keenly the fact that, of her immediate family, only she and her littlest brother, Hall, were left. As a consequence, she was not long in developing toward this brother feelings of protectively maternal affection that would increase as the two grew older. Until Hall's death, long after both had grown up and had children of their own, her brother was like a son to her. Caring for him thus solicitously may have been, in

the beginning at least, a way of providing for herself a little of the mothering she so much wanted.

During all those early years, until she was 15 or so, there was not one really strong family or outside influence in her life, with the exception of the devotion that she felt for her dead father and, possibly, her adoration of one of her several aunts, the one who was always kindest and most generous to her during the time that she was under her grandmother's care, and to whom she looked up in awe as a small girl looks up to a big sister.

Eleanor, at 15, was wistful and moody, excessively timid and uncertain of herself. She was conscious of her awkwardness, her height and her made-over dresses, and she was desperately hungry for love and attention. In Mlle. Souvestre, she found exactly what suited her rather pathetic need. Mlle. Souvestre was the Frenchwoman already referred to, headmistress of Allenswood, a select girls' "finishing" school that she had established near Wimbledon, not far out of London. To her, the Halls sent their young charge.

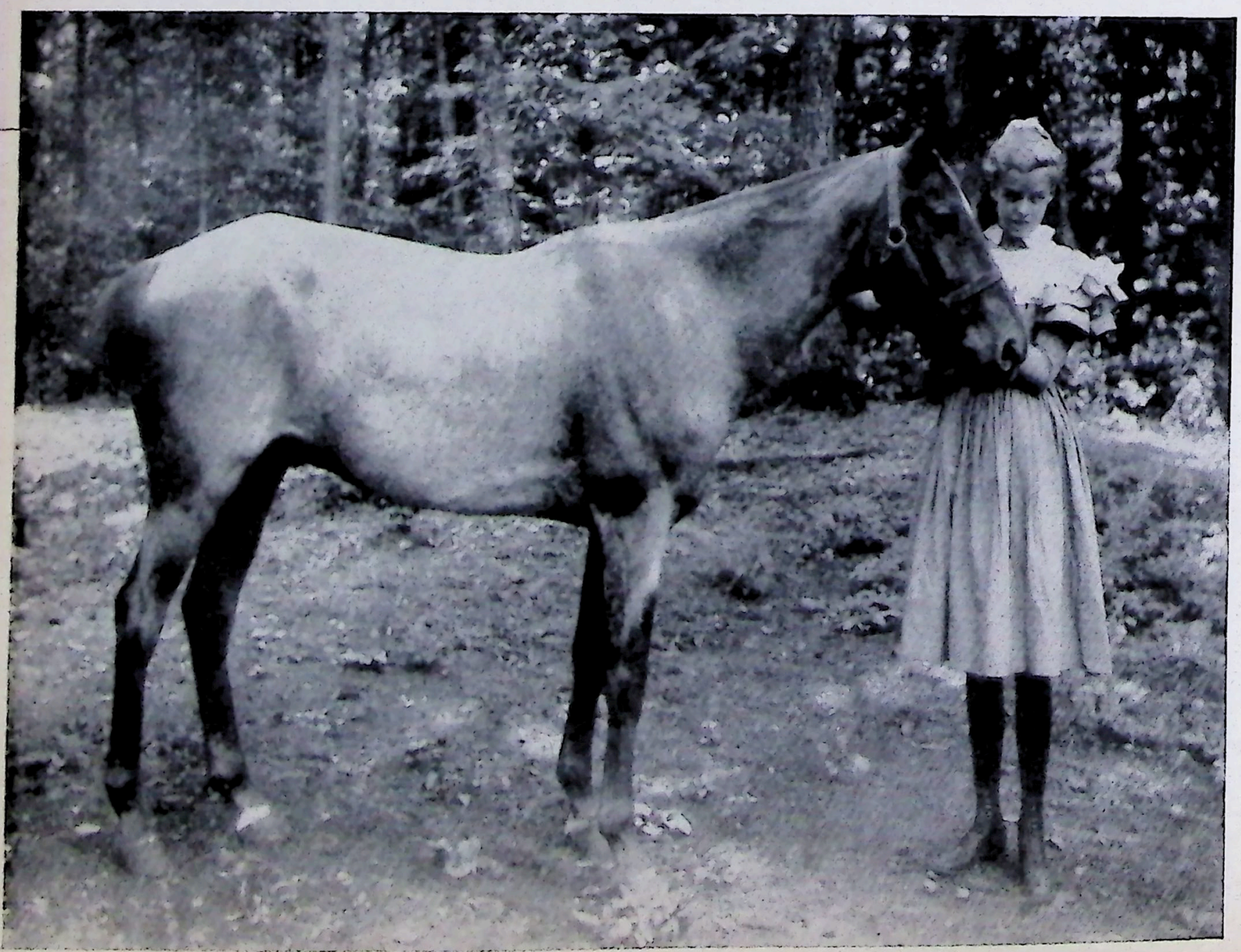
From the very outset, Eleanor loved her schoolwork and loved being thrown into close association with other girls her own age — in particular, she loved Mlle. Souvestre, who was a middle-aged woman with a typically Gallic independence of mind and a special liking for Americans. Mlle. Souvestre was firm but kindly, exacting in the demands she made of her young charges and startlingly liberal in her thinking. She strongly disapproved of the Boer War, for instance, her sympathies being wholly on the side of the Boers, though she was careful not to say so openly before the highly partisan little English girls in the school. She also calmly insisted that she was an atheist because she was unable to comprehend either a God who could be concerned with petty creatures such as human beings or with religious doctrines which preached rewards for good behavior and punishments for bad. "Food for small minds!" was the way she put it, adding contemptuously that only the weak needed religion anyway. And it was more than a little shocking and iconoclastic to a young girl like Eleanor, who had come from a most conservative home.

Being a very perceptive woman, Mlle. Souvestre saw that young Eleanor Roosevelt was out of the ordinary, and that what the child needed most of all was to have her self-confidence restored. She took the girl under her wing, showed her that someone was interested in her, made her sit at her own table, gave her responsibilities that would bring her to some sort of self-realization. She even saw to it that Eleanor's clothes were gradually replaced with more attractive garments, and eventually she took the child with her on long holiday trips to Italy and Switzerland and France and Germany, as a youthful traveling companion, so that she might experience firsthand the sort of Continental life that would give her a semblance of poise and sophistication.

"Mlle. Souvestre shocked me into thinking," wrote Eleanor, years after, "and on the whole that was very beneficial." Young Miss Roosevelt felt as if she had begun a new life and had freed herself from all her former "sins and traditions," and the thought gave her a feeling of exhilaration. For the first time in her life, she had the feeling that she "belonged." "Never again would I be the rigid little person I had been theretofore . . . Though I lost some of my self-confidence and ability to look after myself in the early days of my marriage, when it was needed again later, it came back to me more easily because of these trips with Mlle. Souvestre."

When Eleanor was 18, however, Grandmother Hall insisted that she return to the States for the "coming out" in New York society that was proper for any young girl of a good family, and Eleanor never saw Mlle. Souvestre again.

The gains that Eleanor Roosevelt had made during her school years were nearly all lost for a time. A streak of cruelty in one or two members of the Hall family reminded her that she possessed none of the good looks of the other women on the Hall side, that she was, in plain fact, an ugly duckling and not a belle, and that almost certainly she would never have the great numbers of beaux that the rest had always had. In spite of this, her grandmother and her aunts saw to it that Eleanor's name was added to the debutante list, that year of her homecoming, and that she was asked to luncheons and parties like the other Young Things in Society. They ignored the fact that all of this was exceedingly painful to Eleanor, who knew no boys and girls her own age, because she had been in England for a number of years, whose wardrobe was out of keeping with New York fashions, and who was unable to do the dances that everyone else was doing. She was neither known nor popular, and the experience made her so miserable, that first winter after her return, that she came close to a nervous collapse.



◀ *Eleanor's father was an expert horseman. It followed naturally, then, that the thin, long-legged little girl, shy and self-conscious in her made-over dress, her flannel petticoat and her hot, black stockings, would also become a lover of horses and riding. In school, she played field hockey, but her favorite sport would always be riding.*

With her mother, her father a one of her brothers dead, Elear Roosevelt felt only too keenly t somber truth that she and her oth brother, Hall, were the only maining members of her immedi family. Before long, he was m like a son than a brother to h

She was at least mature enough and courageous enough to face the painful facts about herself, and presently, having studied the situation, she made up her mind that she would never spend another season in doing nothing more than the "social rounds," but would find something to do that would occupy her mind and her energies, and that would be to some purpose. She took up Junior League activities, taught calisthenics and fancy dancing in East Side settlement houses, interested herself in the Consumers' League, investigated working conditions in department stores and garment factories and went through the motions — none of them more than superficially satisfying to her, for some reason that she could not grasp — of all the other fashionable charities of the day, such as the betterment of conditions among newsboys, Children's Aid activities and hospital visits. She was vaguely aware that none of these accomplished much more than a mere scratching of the surface of conditions that needed serious investigation, but she knew nothing more important.

It was at that time, in 1903, that she again encountered her cousin, Franklin D. Roosevelt, after some years. She was visiting her young brother Hall, a student at Groton, the select New England preparatory school that had become a tradition for most young male Roosevelts. Franklin, who was a student at nearby Harvard that year, came over to Groton to see her.

The following autumn, Eleanor and Franklin became engaged, much to the distress of Franklin's mother, Mrs. James Roosevelt, who undoubtedly felt that a girl as plain and unmodish as Eleanor was scarcely a proper match for her boy. Sara Delano Roosevelt saw to it that her son Franklin, who she insisted was hardly old enough or experienced enough to know his own mind, took a trip out of the country with her to think things over. But when he returned to the States, he was still adamant about his love for Eleanor, and so Sara gracefully yielded, and a year later the engagement was officially announced.

On March 17, 1905, the pair were married. The day was St. Patrick's Day, but the real reason for selecting it was that Eleanor's Uncle Ted, her father's ebullient brother, the Rough-Riding Teddy Roosevelt, who had just been inaugurated as President of the United States, would be in New York to attend the city's gigantic parade of the Irish and would be able to give the bride away.

Mlle. Souvestre's strong personality was a bit shocking.

So began the third and most lasting influence in the formation of Eleanor Roosevelt's character and personality.

There was a first brief honeymoon at Hyde Park, the mansion on the Hudson in which Franklin's family had always taken such great pride, for Franklin was now studying law at Columbia University and could not get away for very long. Under the critical eye of his forceful mother, the couple then set themselves up in a modest apartment in New York's mid-town section, and Eleanor's brother Hall came to live with them there whenever he was not away at school.

The period of adjustment between the bride and groom must have been difficult for both, but more particularly for the idealistic Eleanor, who has said many times since then that she was totally unprepared for the experience of marriage, and that she knew next to nothing of cooking, housekeeping, managing servants, bearing children, caring for babies or circumventing mothers-in-law. The situation was made to order for a woman as determinedly management-minded as wealthy Sara Delano Roosevelt, however, and she took over in order to see to it that her son was looked after in the way to which he had always been accustomed.

During that following summer, Eleanor and Franklin went to Europe on their real honeymoon, and in the fall they returned to New York, where he planned to begin his law practice.

It was not long until their first children began to arrive, and within a year or two Franklin's mother decided that the house they occupied was too small for their needs. Education in married life takes many forms, and one of these is mothers-in-law. Without saying much about the project to them, Sara Roosevelt built two new houses, adjoining each other and connected, and she furnished both in accordance with her own taste. One of these homes was for herself—the other was intended for her son and his wife. But when Eleanor saw the dwellings for the first time, she indulged in a storm of tears and rebellious hysteria, one of the very few such displays she ever permitted herself during her well disciplined life. She was not being allowed to have a life of her own, she declared, and she was never consulted when decisions had to be made.

As an evidence of her growing maturity and independence, this outburst was an excellent thing, but at the time it had a bewildering effect on her naive young husband, lost in his own concerns. He could not understand why she, like him, would not prefer to have such matters as the planning of a house and its furnishings taken care of by someone else.

Eleanor paid him the compliment of a great deal of respectful attention and affection, during those early years, for this was a far deeper, more emotional attachment than any she had ever experienced before, and it would be the only one of its kind that she would ever know. As with the other earlier influences that she had felt, the effect that Franklin Roosevelt had on her emerging personality would be lasting, remaining with her for life.

In contrast, the influence of Louis Howe was not immediately observable, and it was just a little peculiar. It came about only very gradually, some years after her marriage to Franklin had taken place and only after the births of the first four of the Roosevelt children: Anna; the first Franklin Jr., who died when he was still very small; James; and Elliott. By that time Franklin had made a good beginning in politics, was already serving as a State Senator, and the family had moved to Albany to live, thereby managing a temporary escape from well meaning Sara's unconscious attempt to tyrannize them.

It was in Albany that Eleanor Roosevelt first met Louis McHenry Howe. She was not impressed. Franklin had known him for some time and had found him to be exceedingly useful as a wise and loyal political adviser. Louis, for his part, had long been convinced that, of all the younger political material he had seen, young Roosevelt was the most promising in ability, in liberal and courageous outlook and in platform manner and appearance. A peculiar little man with a newspaper background and a passion for politics, Howe, in the full awareness that he was unprepossessing in appearance and not likely to get very far in politics, contented himself with the sense of power that he derived from behind-the-scenes political maneuvering, an art in which he had become adept.

Eleanor Roosevelt was not by any means a snob. A warm and charitable attitude toward most people was already very strong in her nature. But there were several human types that she did not yet understand, and whom she found she did not readily take to. Howe, being both a newspaperman and a clever politician – one of the "back room boys," Eleanor appears to have suspected – belonged to not one but two of these dubious types. Besides, and this was perhaps closer to the point, he smoked innumerable cigarettes. At that time, because she was still a little prudish in some respects and had no doubt heard often enough from the Hall women or their friends what the awful Cigarette Habit did to people, she had a feeling that such a person might not be very reliable. Besides, Howe was distressingly indifferent to matters of dress and appearance, and he often gave one the impression that his carelessness extended to details of personal cleanliness. By her own admission, she was judging him by such externals.

If Franklin liked and respected this odd-looking man, as he obviously did, well and good. There must be some excellent reason for his feeling. But she did not have the slightest idea what her husband's opinion might be based on.

It was a long time before she understood just what Howe really was, and why he inspired this feeling of confidence in her husband. She was to discover, in due time, that Howe shared not only Franklin's liking for politics, but also his very wide knowledge of history and his great breadth of other interests. In particular, he possessed a deep liking for the average man. And Howe was perhaps the one man whose advice as a professional politician was sane, balanced, objective and not in the slightest degree influenced by groups or lobbies or isms or "machine" politicians. Moreover, he had such implicit and unquestioning faith in Franklin D. Roosevelt and his future that he had already, by 1911, come to regard his young protégé as a sort of virtuous knight designated by Fate as the one man able to give some opposition to the Tammany machine and thus do something to save the reputation of the Democratic Party.

But Eleanor was not yet sufficiently experienced in either people or politics to understand all this. She had to learn for herself just how much sensitivity and intellectual integrity Louis Howe had, and how superior he was to the run-of-the-mill politician or political adviser. "I was beginning to get interested in human beings," she says in her autobiography, "and I found that almost everyone had something interesting to contribute to my education." Not the least of her teachers, in the political sense, turned out to be Howe, who gently, little by little, took Eleanor in hand and tutored her in the difficult subject of practical politics.

Occasionally, in these days, she was persuaded to accompany her husband on political tours. She came to see that Howe really liked and respected her, and that he believed her to be worth educating. He was willing to spend a great deal of time with her, explaining points of strategy, weighing public opinion, taking the pulse of the people and answering her questions. At times he even flattered her by asking her opinion on some contemplated move or on one of her husband's speeches.

The association with Louis Howe gave her a totally new conception of the value of politics and politicians in relation to public affairs. It also did much to develop in her an understanding of newspapermen that would eventually grow into a liking for the

It was on St. Patrick's Day, 1905, that Eleanor and Franklin Roosevelt were married in New York. Giving the bride away at their society wedding was newly elected President Teddy Roosevelt.

breed. Most of all, it enabled her to see Louis Howe with new eyes and to find him far more impressive than she had imagined.

By the time Mrs. Roosevelt attended her first national political Convention, held in Baltimore that year, 1912, Louis Howe saw that she was an unusually apt student. Franklin, on Howe's counsel and urging, was backing Woodrow Wilson for the nomination, and when Wilson won not only the nomination but the election to the Presidency as well, Roosevelt's position in national politics was assured. President Wilson rewarded him with an appointment as Assistant Secretary of the Navy, and the Roosevelts made their first move to Washington. The Howes went along too, for Roosevelt had drafted Louis's services for his own Navy office.

Not all the vestiges of Family and Society activities had vanished with the appearance of Eleanor's new-found interest in public affairs and politics. During these years Sara Delano Roosevelt continued to make frequent demands for the company of her son, her daughter-in-law and her grandchildren, either in New York or at Hyde Park, and there were summer vacations for the family at Campobello, the spacious shore "cottage" at Eastport, Maine, that she had given them. For the Roosevelts loved such outdoor activities as riding and sailing, and they were accomplished in the art of relaxation and "getting away from it all."

Since it was official duty, rather than political activity, that for the moment occupied Franklin Roosevelt's attention, Louis Howe necessarily now restricted his political thinking to future plans for Franklin. But Louis was always there in the background at the capital, like a rock, a bulwark, where he could be consulted whenever the need arose. And he was always ready to offer special advice or political enlightenment to Eleanor when she sought or needed it. Invariably he was kindly, when he did this, and he never failed to praise or to mete out words of encouragement.

By now, Mrs. Roosevelt's painful shyness had lessened noticeably. She had become accustomed to meeting all sorts of people, and in particular, since she had become a Navy wife whose husband occupied a position of great importance near the top, she was called upon to perform a great many social duties that were new to her. Fortunately, she was good at doing whatever the situation demanded. Her true strength, however, lay in the fact that she never lost her awareness that whatever she did was done to help advance Franklin.

"Willy-nilly," she commented later, "I was getting to the point where I could cope with almost any social event." And whenever she accompanied Franklin on one of his inspection tours to some other part of the country, she gathered additional poise as a Navy wife and hostess, and at the same time she learned still more about people. Perhaps the most useful rules of hospitality that such experiences taught her had to do with being relaxed and not too deadly serious about the business of being an official hostess. She learned the value of being natural at all times.

Meanwhile, another child, the second Franklin Jr., had arrived, and in 1916, with World War I not far in the offing, the sixth and last child, John, was born in Washington.

When war came, her husband spent much of his time overseas, inspecting Navy bases and installations and making reports on ships in foreign waters and on the status of American air operations. Eleanor and the children sat it out in the home she had established for the family in the capital, but she was not idle. She recalls today that she busied herself with all kinds of war work. She took up knitting, for instance, as many another woman was doing, she learned how to make the best use of wartime substitute foods, and she spent a great deal of time in visiting veterans' hospitals and in doing special favors for wounded men. After those experiences, she says, "I knew more about the human heart, which had been veiled in mystery up to now."

The second—and "real"—honeymoon was spent in Europe. And in a gondola on the canals of romantic Venice, the bridegroom photographed his bride as she sat modestly in the craft and held his bright new boater.

She was beginning to have and to express opinions of her own, too, now that she was for a time the nominal head of the family. Selective Service had provoked a storm of controversy in the country, and when her Grandmother Hall made the suggestion that Eleanor's brother, with a wife and children to take care of, might do well to think of buying a substitute, rather than be drafted, Eleanor was shocked and outraged.

Buying out of the service might have been a fairly common practice during the Civil War, but in these days it would not do. The suggestion was not only immoral, it was indecent, she insisted. Young Hall, for all that he was a "gentleman," was no better than millions of other American men, with wives and families, who had been drafted to serve their country. In fact, when he entered the service, it would be with the reassuring knowledge that, because there was no lack of money, his wife and children would be better cared for than most families. "This was my first really outspoken declaration against the accepted standards of . . . my childhood and marked the fact that either my husband or an increasing ability to think for myself was changing my point of view," she commented later. It was both, almost certainly, for it had taken a strong and independent personality like that of Franklin, whose legal training enabled him to reason clearly and convincingly, to stir her to the expression of honest and deeply felt opinions on questions of right or wrong.

By 1918, her life was already filled with a great deal of new activity, but in comparison with what was to follow during the last months of the war it must have seemed almost quiet. For,

during the fall, her husband was shipped home for a period of convalescence, following a serious struggle against pneumonia overseas, and at the same time the current epidemic of influenza in the States struck her family. She suddenly found herself caring for her entire household, nursing not only Franklin, but all five children, with Elliott dangerously ill of double pneumonia, and even the three servants sick. The emergency taught her much about practical nursing that she had never known before, experience that was to prove invaluable to her not many years hence, when Franklin would be stricken by a far more terrible disease than influenza or pneumonia.

With the Armistice in effect, and with all the members of the household restored to health, Franklin was called upon to return to Europe in order to wind up Navy affairs there and a little later to join President Wilson's staff for the Peace Conference that would result in the Treaty of Versailles. Eleanor went with him this time, and, as Franklin did his work, the two found opportunities to travel together, to meet wartime celebrities and to visit battlegrounds and war ruins. Much of the devastation that she saw there in France must have shocked her into an undying hatred of war, for, in the years that followed, the cause of peace would always be one that called up her most earnest efforts.

There was a good deal of political activity on the part of both the Roosevelts after their return to the United States. Franklin, working with Louis Howe, was busy picking up the loose ends of his political career. Eleanor, with the encouragement of the two men, was moderately active in the cause of woman suffrage, though she had not completely made up her mind about it. And there was concern with the affairs of such groups as the Women's Trade Union League, the New York State League of Women Voters, the Girls' Service League and her own pet project, Val-Kill, a small Hudson River furniture factory maintained for the purpose of reviving old-time handcraftsmanship. Most of all, she was active in the attempts that were being made to swing the interest and support of women over to the Democratic Party.

She was pleased when her husband was unanimously nominated for the Vice-Presidency at the 1920 San Francisco Convention of the Democrats, but by her own account she was not greatly "excited" or surprised by this evidence of his growing popularity. She had long ago reached the conclusion that he was destined for a lifetime of public service, and that, if that was what he wanted, it was also what she wanted him to have.

His subsequent overwhelming defeat at the polls led to changes in their lives, of course, but they took the change philosophically. Franklin, in order to campaign effectively, had already resigned from his Navy job, and so there was nothing left for them to do but move the family back to New York, where he took up his law practice once more, in a newly formed partnership.

At this point, in the early '20s, Mrs. Roosevelt also very carefully revised the plans for her own life. She had decided that she ought to learn something about cooking, and so to all her other interests she added that. She registered for courses in shorthand and typing, with the thought that she might some day find these skills useful (as she did). And at the urging of Mrs. Frank Vanderlip, chairman of the New York State League of Women Voters, she joined the board of that organization for the specific purpose of writing brief digest reports on national legislation that would be of particular interest to women voters. This activity alone proved to be highly enlightening and part of her education as a citizen.

In addition, largely to please her mother-in-law, she joined a Monday Sewing Class, a charitable and social group, and accepted appointments to the boards of directors of several other charities of a similar nature. Privately, she confessed to a certain feeling of dissatisfaction with board duties of this kind. She felt that such work almost never gave her an opportunity for close personal contacts with the people the charities were intended to serve, and she somehow felt that she could do them much more good at first hand, without the intermediation of an organized charity group.

It was at that point in their married life, when Eleanor and Franklin were leading entirely busy, useful, happy lives, that disaster struck without the slightest warning, forcing both of them into an immediate reorientation of their lives.

It was late in the summer of 1921, and the Roosevelts and their children were vacationing at Campobello, the coast-of-Maine place they all loved, where they always spent as much time as they could during the warmest weather. The Howes, too, Louis and his wife and son, were guests at Campobello, for Louis was never very far from Franklin Roosevelt, and when Roosevelt had left Washington, Howe, too, had resigned from his Navy job there and returned to New York. With Roosevelt back in law and realigning his political sights, Louis planned to accept a promising job in private industry that had been offered to him.

The day was hot, and Franklin had been enjoying a sail. From offshore he caught a glimpse of a forest fire where his help was needed, and, like any other public-spirited citizen, he stopped to join the men who were fighting the blaze. When the worst was over, some hours later, he began to feel overheated and tired, and for some time after he was home he complained of not feeling well. But neither he nor Eleanor was at first much alarmed, until Franklin began to suffer great pain and discomfort, and they knew that something was seriously wrong. A local doctor was called in, but he failed to recognize the true meaning of Franklin's symptoms. He attempted to quiet the family's fears by saying that Franklin was suffering from no more than a bad cold, and then he changed his diagnosis and declared that the patient had contracted some peculiar and undetermined form of paralysis, for which he prescribed massage. As it turned out, massage was exactly the wrong sort of treatment. It succeeded merely in aggravating the patient's pain, and it may well have complicated his condition.

It was not until some hours had elapsed, and Franklin had grown rapidly worse, that a specialist was brought from Newport to Campobello, and Roosevelt's ailment was diagnosed correctly as poliomyelitis. By that time he had lost the use of both legs, and it was feared that he might never walk again.

As soon as possible, Franklin Roosevelt was taken back to New York and placed in a hospital under expert care. Some time later, when he was somewhat improved, he was brought home to his own bed. But it was certain now that his paralysis was serious and in all probability permanent.

At the very beginning of his illness, when the disease was first recognized for what it was, word had been sent to Franklin's mother, who was traveling in Europe, and she had sped back to the States. With her arrival, there began that singular family conflict of wits and wills over whether her stricken son ought thenceforth to regard himself as a lifetime invalid and be nursed and looked after as if his life were now wholly lost to him, or be rehabilitated as fully as his physical condition would permit and in any case be restored to active participation in life.

On one side of the invalid's bed, so to speak, stood Franklin's mother, Sara Roosevelt, a very wealthy and purposeful woman in her middle years, who had ample means to give her son quiet and rest and the finest available medical and nursing care in her great Hyde Park house. This was what he needed, she insisted, and this was what she was determined to give him.

On the other side of Franklin's bed, opposing Sara, there was the patient's wife, Eleanor. She was as much a Roosevelt as Franklin himself, and, once she was certain that she was taking the right course, equally insistent that her husband should remain

under her care. She was certain, too, that if Franklin could be brought to the point where he could take hold of life and living again, crippled or not, he would profit mentally and physically.

For the next few months, the struggle between the two women seldom came out into the open. Both were much too well bred for that. But when it did, and there were arguments over which course was best for Franklin, the discussion sometimes became acrimonious. In the end, it was Sara who was forced to give in.

Of the two, as it happened, Eleanor had a decided advantage, almost from the start. It would not have been in keeping with her husband's extroverted nature and his love of life if he had agreed to invalidish confinement for the rest of his days. To turn defeatist and place himself completely in the care of others, as his mother wished, was unthinkable. His doctor, moreover, was a very wise and sensible man who understood that polio patients must be made to live lives as close to the normal as possible, and he insisted that Franklin's mental and physical health might suffer greatly if he were deprived of his customary activity. As a medical man, the doctor gave Eleanor his full support.

Most important of all, there was Louis Howe. He was her greatest source of strength in this crisis. Today, she gives him most of the credit for the victory over her mother-in-law. But although the *idea* of stimulating Franklin's interest in life may have come from Howe originally, it seems certain that in actuality the real key to the situation was nothing less than a conspiracy of four naturally optimistic minds — Franklin's, Eleanor's, Howe's and the doctor's. It was that which in time produced the desired results, for it seems unlikely that any one of the four, working alone, could ever have succeeded. It took the entire quartet, working harmoniously toward one end, to achieve the miracle of partial rehabilitation for Franklin Roosevelt. Fortunately, in most respects he had a remarkably vigorous and healthy body, and he was willing to discipline it rigorously by a program of therapy such as every victim of polio must undertake if he hopes for results.

What seems incredible is the fact that Franklin D. Roosevelt now triumphed still further over his physical handicap by actually turning it to profit. The next few years began a new phase of growth for him, during which his understanding and his horizons were greatly widened. Having recovered physically as much as would ever be possible for him, he now entered that period of his career which was marked by an intensive liberalizing of his social philosophy. Much earlier, even a little before his marriage and at the time when he had just begun to study law, Eleanor had made this discerning comment about him, "He will not find himself altogether happy with the law he is studying at Columbia unless he is able to get a broad human contact through it." That had been largely lacking in his life, theretofore.

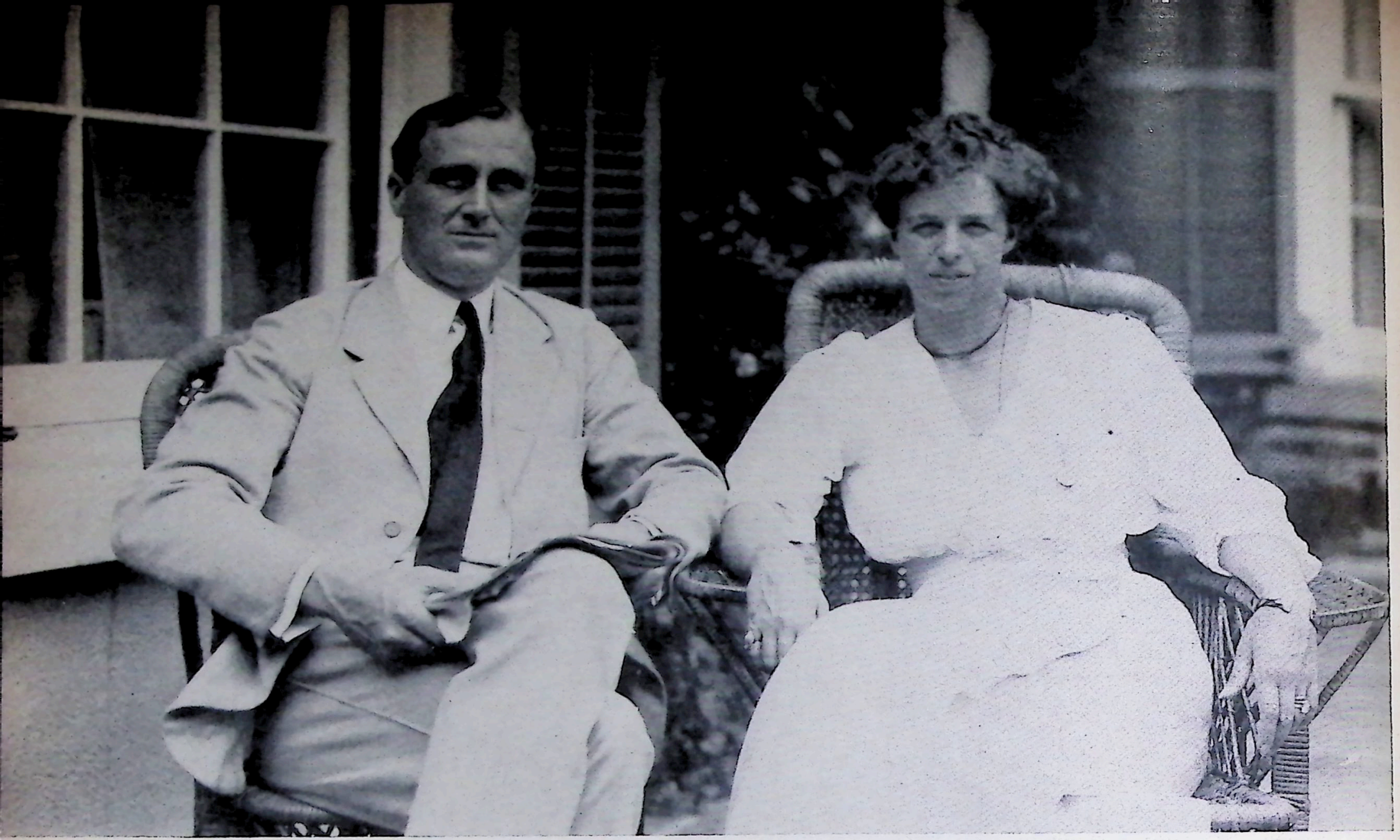
According to Frances Perkins, Franklin Roosevelt and his wife, working with Louis Howe, now "made this period of disaster serve a constructive purpose in his life. . . . He was young, he was crippled, he was physically weak, but he had a firmer grip on life and on himself than ever before. He was serious, not playing now."

If there was growth for Franklin, there was corresponding growth in understanding for Eleanor as well. It is important to remember that the Roosevelt marriage was at all times a partnership. What interested one was almost certain to interest the other, and when the point of view of one of them changed, so also did the point of view of the other.

After all the personal help that Louis Howe had given to Eleanor Roosevelt, if anything further was necessary to reassure her of his complete integrity of purpose, of his unselfish devotion to Franklin Roosevelt and his career, the part that he undertook to play in helping Franklin through this new crisis was all that she needed. Louis had given up all thoughts of accepting the job that he had been offered and was now devoting himself to one thing only, serving Franklin Roosevelt's needs, even going so far as to stay right there in the Roosevelt household five or six days a week and spending no more than his weekends with his own family in Poughkeepsie.

Acting as a sort of social secretary for Roosevelt, he took full charge of such matters as mail and the handling of newspaper opinion. He also saw to it that close friends and influential political

Motoring, in the early 1900s, was a far more unusual adventure than yachting, and Eleanor and Franklin sometimes went for a drive with socialite friends such as the New York Satterlees. For the Roosevelts, life had not yet become very purposeful. It was still lacking in serious objectives.



By 1920, Franklin Roosevelt was established politically, and Eleanor had absorbed much of his economic and social philosophy.

acquaintances came to visit and encourage Roosevelt, thus making the invalid that much less an invalid by giving him the feeling that his help in managing the affairs of the Democratic Party was needed, and that he was still a part of all that went on. Instead of being made to feel that he had been retired – that he had been banished, more nearly – to the stultifying quiet of Hyde Park, as might easily have been the case if his mother had had her way, Franklin was subtly persuaded that the world outside had moved in upon him. It was as if politics and other-than-family interests had somehow actually been made to pivot about his bedroom. Even the other members of the now overcrowded household, the children and the servants, were carefully schooled by Howe until they understood that they must treat the head of the house as if nothing had happened, ignoring his physical handicap completely. It was excellent therapy, and it worked. For Franklin Roosevelt himself was soon ignoring the change in him.

None of this was easy for Eleanor. The manifold duties that devolved upon her as the executive head of the household complicated her already full life that much more. On occasion, she had to be companion and mentor and confidante for her five growing children, with one or two of them in the throes of adolescent problems, and she sometimes had to assume both fatherly and motherly responsibilities, whenever Franklin's condition prevented him from taking on his full share of such duties. But only once or twice did she falter or show any sign of a momentary weakening under the strain, and at those times only because she was being harassed by the indomitable Sara. "In many ways this was the most trying winter of my whole life," she reflected later.

After all this, there is little to wonder at in the reality of the influence that Louis Howe had in Eleanor Roosevelt's life. Without his help and guidance, his freely given support, she might well have been so worn down with responsibilities, during the several years of Franklin's enforced invalidism before he was able to resume his outside activities, that she would have been tempted to yield to the pressures that Sara Roosevelt brought to bear on her. Had that happened, the cause would have been lost.

But Eleanor Roosevelt, in spite of the immense burden that had been laid upon her, still found time to take an increasingly active part in the life outside her home. She learned to drive a car at this time, because she felt that she might someday need to know how, and she overcame a deep and early fear of water and learned to swim, a minor accomplishment that nevertheless gave her a special feeling of satisfaction and triumph.

And again, urged by Louis Howe, she became even more active than before in political and welfare matters. "Ever since the war my interest had been in doing real work, not in being a dilettante," she was to write much later, and she found herself growing more and more aware of the problems of working people everywhere, less and less interested in her old associates and more concerned with new friends, especially those working and professional women who were doing things in the world.

By the time of the 1924 Democratic Convention in New York, Mrs. Roosevelt had become an interested and informed observer of inner Party politics, impatient for results rather than promises, and a little contemptuous of the tactics of certain Party groups whose motives she distrusted. By the end of the long-drawn-out Convention, that hot summer, she had become a confirmed and valuable Democratic worker. Largely at Howe's behest, she was asked to head a Convention committee charged with recommending to the Convention heads those planks in the Party platform

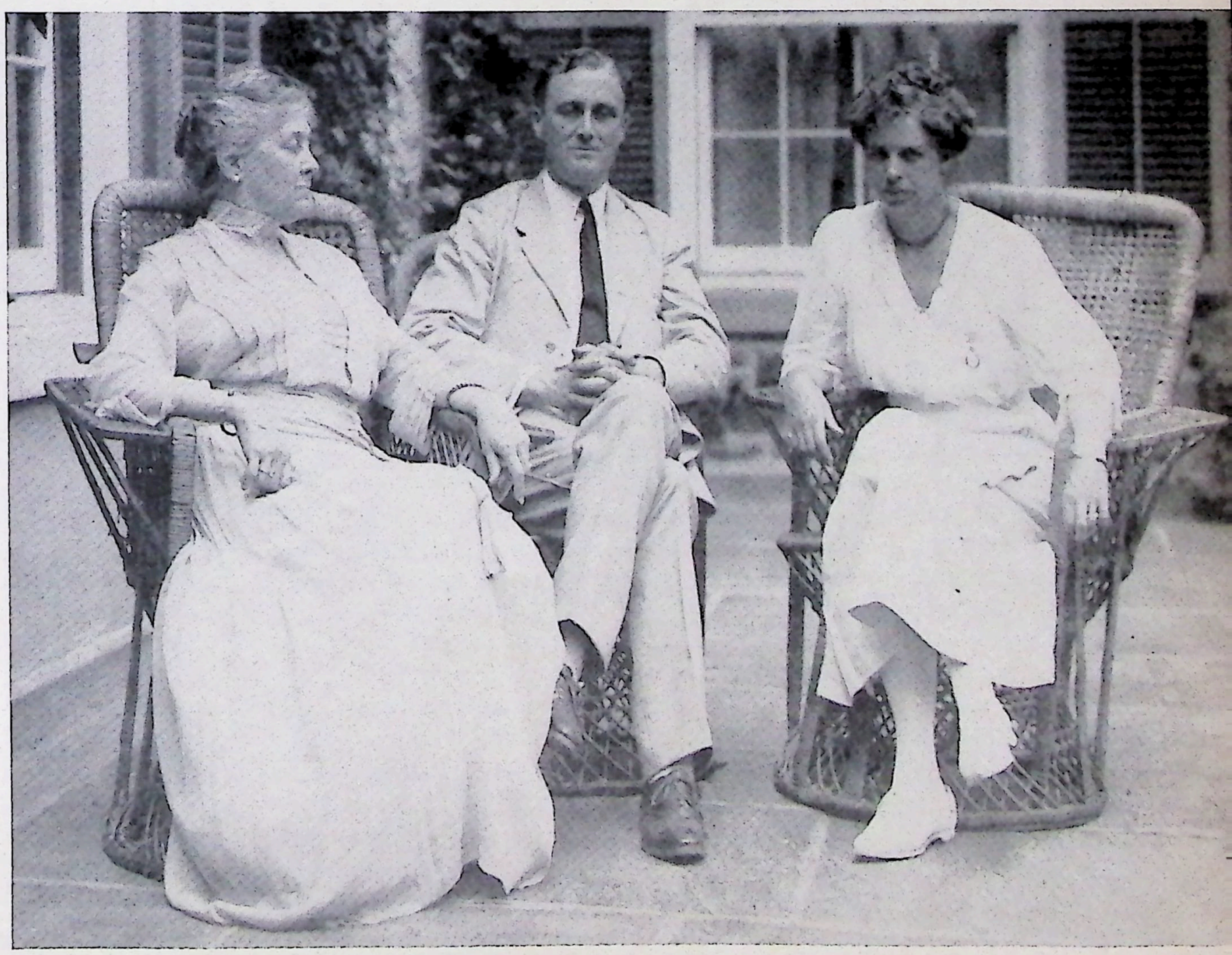
that would be of particular interest to women, but the experience was more than a little disillusioning because she soon saw that in actual practice women had almost no voice whatever in the shaping of official Party policies and platforms. Yet the Convention was not a total loss to her, for during it she had been forced to write and deliver a number of speeches, something she had never done in her life before, and Howe had given her great help with these and had shown her how to overcome platform nervousness, and how she might control certain mannerisms and improve her voice and delivery. It helped greatly that she was open to suggestion and very much in earnest about whatever she did.

Franklin, by the time the Convention opened, was so completely restored to the realm of political activity that he was now, according to his wife, "restricted only by his inability to walk." His general physical condition had improved so much that, except for his legs, he was actually stronger and more vigorous than he had been before his illness. He was now very definitely a figure of power in his Party. Some two years earlier, because of an old and close association, he had been able to persuade Alfred E. Smith to run successfully for a second term as Governor of the State of New York. He was now asked by Smith to manage his campaign for the Presidential nomination and to make the nomination speech. Smith's campaign, largely for reasons of voter intolerance beyond anyone's control (for Smith was a Roman Catholic) was lost, but young Franklin D. Roosevelt came out of the debacle more popular and important than ever.

Four years later, Smith made a second campaign for the Democratic nomination for the Presidency, and again he was supported by both Franklin and Eleanor Roosevelt, who felt even more strongly than before that their candidate's stand on social issues deserved their help. And this time Eleanor was asked by Smith's astute and influential New York political friend and adviser, Belle Moskowitz, to organize and engineer the women's forces during the campaign. But again Smith lost the election, and Franklin Roosevelt, running on the same ticket, won the Governorship of New York State only by the narrowest of margins. Mrs. Roosevelt was sickened by the bitter religious prejudices and the personal vilification that marked Smith's defeat, and, as this was her first experience with such aspects of politics, her sensitivities were deeply wounded. Yet, in another sense, such unpleasant realities provided useful lessons, for she learned that democracy sometimes lapses in ways that are difficult to comprehend.

The years between 1928 and 1932 were Albany years once more for the Roosevelt family, with Franklin continually strengthening his political position through a wise program of social legislation that Louis Howe had helped him with and by his championing of such popular causes as conservation and the rights of labor. Stanch friends and supporters like Frances Perkins, Harry Hopkins, Dr. Thomas Parran, Henry Morgenthau Jr., were already by his side, helping him during his two highly successful terms of office, and his political philosophy was being greatly influenced by such men as Justice Brandeis and Justice Holmes. He was seldom away from Albany, but, on the few occasions when he was, he was likely to be resting and receiving treatment at Georgia Warm Springs Foundation, which had already given him so much help in combating his ailment that in gratitude he had become one of the Foundation's chief financial backers and promoters, or he was in New York, working with other national Democratic leaders.

Eleanor, too, led an extremely busy life as the Governor's Lady, and at his suggestion she had begun the practice of giving him



A wealthy widow with strong matriarchal instincts, Sara Roosevelt was always the doting mother toward her only son, ran the Hyde Park estate as she saw fit. Franklin was somehow able to maintain his urbanity and independence, but for Eleanor – in spite of all her tact – the situation was not easy. Yet, on only two or three occasions did relations between the two women become tense, strained.

The young Roosevelts were a large and handsome brood: Anna (far left), James (rear), Franklin Jr. (on his father's knee), John (on his mother's knee) and Elliott (far right). And all were individualists.

reports based on those first unofficial inspection tours of State institutions that were soon to become so useful to her husband. In addition, several days a week she commuted between Albany and New York, where she had begun to teach a course in American Government in a private school for girls.

Yet she found time to take her two youngest sons to Europe, because she knew that the experience would do them good. And she even wrote and published the first of her books, tentative attempts at written expression that dealt with public issues and the place of woman in a modern world. In this endeavor, too, she had the encouragement of Louis Howe. Today, these books have lost much of their timeliness, and as examples of writing they are none too expert. But one thing about them stands out admirably: the author's complete sincerity about what she had to say.

In 1932, the time was ripe for Franklin Roosevelt's entry upon the national scene. He sought and won the candidacy for the office of President of the United States, and he campaigned so successfully that he won the election, with Howe chiefly responsible for the planning and directing of the political strategy. It was Louis Howe who saw to it that election capital was made of the national state of emergency under President Hoover's Administration – the business depression, the bank crisis, unemployment, the veterans' situation and so on.

"I did not want my husband to be President," Eleanor Roosevelt recounted long afterward. Yet, she was happy for his sake, knowing how very much this victory meant to him – especially how much it meant to him as evidence of the way in which he had risen above his disability. And she liked his new-found belief in himself and in his ability to help the country past its crisis.

Adjustment, once the Roosevelt family had moved into its new White House surroundings, came a great deal harder for her and for the children than for Franklin. Because of the national emergency, it was essential that Roosevelt lose no time in getting to work, and he plunged into the midst of his executive duties

with all the energy and enthusiasm that he could summon. For the others, especially the children, the new life was neither easy nor acceptable, and often they were in open rebellion against it. All of them, but especially the younger ones, deeply resented the way in which their father's election had deprived them of his paternal counsel and guidance and the way in which they were immediately subjected to public scrutiny and to an almost total lack of privacy.

More irksome to the Roosevelts than anything else was the surveillance of the Secret Service. Nearly everyone seemed to feel that, in the case of the President, this was necessary as a measure to ensure his safety, but neither Eleanor Roosevelt nor any of the children regarded it as necessary for them, and they were constantly trying to elude the secret operatives who had been assigned to their safeguarding.

Eleanor Roosevelt knew almost as soon as she was shown through the rooms of the White House by Mrs. Herbert Hoover how she wanted to rearrange the furnishings in order to make the great mansion seem a simpler, friendlier place for the sort of informal living that the Roosevelts loved best. But she would always feel the loss of complete freedom and independence of thought and movement that she had valued for so long. She put up with that loss as long as she had to, but she must have felt a sense of relief when it was all over, more than a decade later.

The special obligations that she assumed, of course, included those that were expected of her as the First Lady of the White House, and one of these was that which was least congenial to her nature, the task of playing official hostess. She took it all philosophically, accepting her duties as entirely necessary ones that went with her husband's job – presiding at all the State dinners, the official teas, the parties, formal or informal, and the other social events that were a part of White House life. She often felt that this part of her life was burdensome, and that the only way that she could live through it was to laugh to herself at much of it. But she and her staff of secretaries, working with the President's secretaries, succeeded in devising ways of handling correspondence and engagements that were more efficient and useful than any that had gone before.

Had she been less vitally interested in what was going on in the world at that time, had she not continued with all her writing and speaking and radio appearances, such as she had begun earlier, the period of trial and adjustment might not have been so difficult. But these activities now gave her an additional source of income that enabled her to help with certain charities that her own dwindling inheritance would not now permit. And she refused to give them up to quiet outside opinion. At the same time, she was incapable of leading the quiet, noncommital life that Presidents' wives before her had led.

Often she used the good offices of the Friends' Service Committee as an objective body to determine the worthiness and legitimacy of the charities to which the money went. – Fortunately for her peace of mind and the good of her country, she was insistent about certain things: her right to make moral and ethical decisions for herself and her right to hold and express opinions. For these were a part of her birthright as an American citizen, and courageously she refused to surrender them in the face of criticism. Nevertheless, there were times without number when even this belief in the ordinary, fundamental rights of a free citizen had the effect of subjecting her to unfair, even indecently personal, criticism.

Fortunately, there was a fair amount of liberal thinking among Washington correspondents in general, and by the time that Eleanor Roosevelt began to make her usual serious investigations of social and labor conditions for the President, and to write

While he was Governor of New York, Franklin D. Roosevelt was at the peak of physical fitness, except for those paralyzed legs. But when he was officially photographed in Albany, with Eleanor and Sara Delano Roosevelt, his mother, no attempt was made to conceal the braces he wore.

and speak about her findings at the same time that she reported them to him, she usually received fair treatment from the press. Her visits to study the effects of unemployment in West Virginia mining communities, where she did much to start relief for unemployed and starving families there, were generally viewed with favor. Her interest in such experimental ventures as the Civilian Conservation Corps, the NRA, the PWA, the WPA, the Civil Works Administration and the Tennessee Valley Administration and later her visits to such trouble spots as Puerto Rico and the Virgin Islands effectively called the public's attention to conditions that needed changing. And often her efforts succeeded in stirring up an interest that brought reforms.

Believing as she did in the rights and needs of people everywhere, when the descriptive name "New Deal" was coined, she was one of the most ardent supporters of the policies and reforms it stood for. And it was President Roosevelt's English biographer, R. H. Kiernan, who was to write about her later, "In 12 years at the

White House Eleanor Roosevelt had become famed for wisdom, courage and untiring devotion to the cause of the poor and oppressed, proving by deeds the best New Dealer in America." — By the end of the first year or so of her husband's initial term of office, Eleanor Roosevelt was being referred to affectionately as America's First Lady. It was a name that carried feelings of love and respect, for she had made it mean far more than merely "First Hostess at the White House," a fact that did not escape many Americans.

Her wise and warm tolerance of human weaknesses and failings, her total lack of prejudice, her readiness to champion the human rights of minority groups such as Jews and Negroes, were proof positive of the genuineness of her belief in democratic principles — belief not only in theoretic principle but in practical application of that principle as well. She held firmly to the conviction that democracy must be put to work, if it was to mean anything at all, and she was quite ready to risk personal attack and criticism if she could help to bring about that end. Such

Louis McHenry Howe, ex-newspaperman turned political stage manager for Franklin Roosevelt, finally won Eleanor's friendship.

courage is not often found, and whenever it appears, it is certain to command respect.

For Eleanor Roosevelt, the one big, all-absorbing cause of her entire life had been discovered — *people.* When Franklin D. Roosevelt was gone, worn out by the strenuous life that a wartime President must lead, that one important preoccupation with human beings and their needs would sustain her and prevent the feeling of great personal loss from possessing her completely.

In the spring of 1936, Louis Howe died. He had never been very well, having suffered periodically from a bronchial or asthmatic affliction that was much complicated by overwork and concern for Franklin, particularly during the 1932 election. Recently a semi-invalid, he had been living at the White House most of the time since Roosevelt had taken office, partly because the President wanted him close by at all times and partly as a means of conserving Louis's waning strength. But Howe's health had continued to decline, and the last few months of his life were spent in the Naval Hospital in Washington.

This was almost on the eve of Franklin Roosevelt's campaign for a second term, and much to Howe's regret he was unable to take much part in the planning of Party and campaign strategy.

Not that his help was imperative now. The President had the assistance of able men like James A. Farley, and from time to time during the next few years there would be other valued advisers, the Harry Hopkinses, the Robert Sherwoods, the Bernard Baruchs and the Samuel Rosenmans, but there would never again be anyone to supply the sort of wise, fatherly counsel that Louis had always given so freely, and that Franklin had always found so completely trustworthy. In Louis Howe were combined qualities of great astuteness, frankness and unwavering loyalty.

Roosevelt must have felt his going very deeply. He had relied on him so constantly, over so many years. But the President was now deep in his official duties, which were not light that summer — because there was much to do before the Party Convention and the election that would follow, and Roosevelt found it impossible to dwell for long on Louis's going. He did insist that the funeral services be held in the East Room of the White House, however, and he saw to it that Howe was buried with the modest honors due a trusted servant of the Chief Executive.

It was almost as if, with Franklin Roosevelt now safely installed in the White House, there had been little left for Louis Howe to do.

It was Eleanor Roosevelt who found time for reflection over what Louis's absence would mean to her husband and his immediate political career. "We can . . . think of little else today but the loss of our old and dear friend, Colonel Louis Howe," she wrote in her column. "There never was a more gentle, kindly spirit. He hated sham and cowardice, but he had a great pity for the weak and the helpless in this world, and responded to any appeal with warmth and sympathy. His courage, loyalty and devotion to his family and friends will be an inspiration to all of them as long as they live."

It was a heartfelt tribute, and there is the possibility that Eleanor, with her more feminine sympathies, felt Louis's death even a little more deeply that did Franklin. On so many different occasions, Howe had given her the sort of advice or help that she desperately needed, and it seems likely that, almost unwittingly, he may have strengthened certain of her major virtues.

Thinking back at a later time, when she came to write the last half of the story of her life, she would have this to add to her final estimate of the man and of his value to her husband: "If there were political mistakes in the campaign," she wrote, the reference here being to the 1936 campaign that Louis Howe had not lived to see, "some of them, I think, might have been avoided if Louis Howe had been alive . . . after Louis's death, Franklin frequently made his decisions without canvassing all sides of a question." It was the opinion of many, some of them his close friends, that Roosevelt was guilty of several serious mistakes in judgment, after his first term, but, because those mistakes were mostly natural and human, there can be no certainty that Howe could have prevented them. Mrs. Roosevelt's belief that he might have, simply reveals her confidence in the man.

The next few years after Louis Howe's death were crowded, but they were relatively quiet years for the country at large. Franklin D. Roosevelt won re-election in 1936 with very little difficulty, despite that serious earlier breach in his old friendship with Al Smith. Conditions under his first Administration of the Government had improved rapidly, and both his fame and the adulation of the American voters, especially those that his policies had directly helped, were now at their peak. There appeared to be a great deal of truth in what Eleanor Roosevelt had to say in one of her columns: "I still believe the people in the country want their representatives to be average American citizens leading

usual American lives." Both the Roosevelts found it impossible to be anything but themselves at all times, and this was greatly to their advantage, so far as their popularity was concerned.

That was never better shown than during the brief visit of the King and Queen of England to the United States, when the Roosevelts decided that, if they were in Their Majesties' places, they would certainly want to see something of those less formal aspects of American life that they might not have an opportunity to see otherwise. By way of entertainment at the White House, popular folk favorites such as Kate Smith were asked to appear – and great artists such as Marian Anderson. And when the royal retinue went to Hyde Park for a few days, they were entertained by an American-style outdoor picnic, where hotdogs and hamburgers were the food, cooked over an open picnic fire. There was every indication that the British crowned heads relished the moments of relaxation that this occasion afforded them. But here and there, over the country, stuffy-minded dowagers sniffed, "Well, *really*!" – and the buxom wives in farm kitchens thought it was "just fine" that the Roosevelts had dared to be plain folks and show their royal guests something of the real American ways.

There were visits from other crowned heads and noble persons, in those years: the Crown Prince and Princess of Sweden, Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands, Crown Princess Marta of Norway, the Grand Duchess of Luxembourg, the King of Greece and even more influential celebrities such as burly Winston Churchill, who made several visits and obviously thereafter counted himself a good friend of Eleanor and Franklin. And there were numbers of other dignitaries whom it was expedient to entertain.

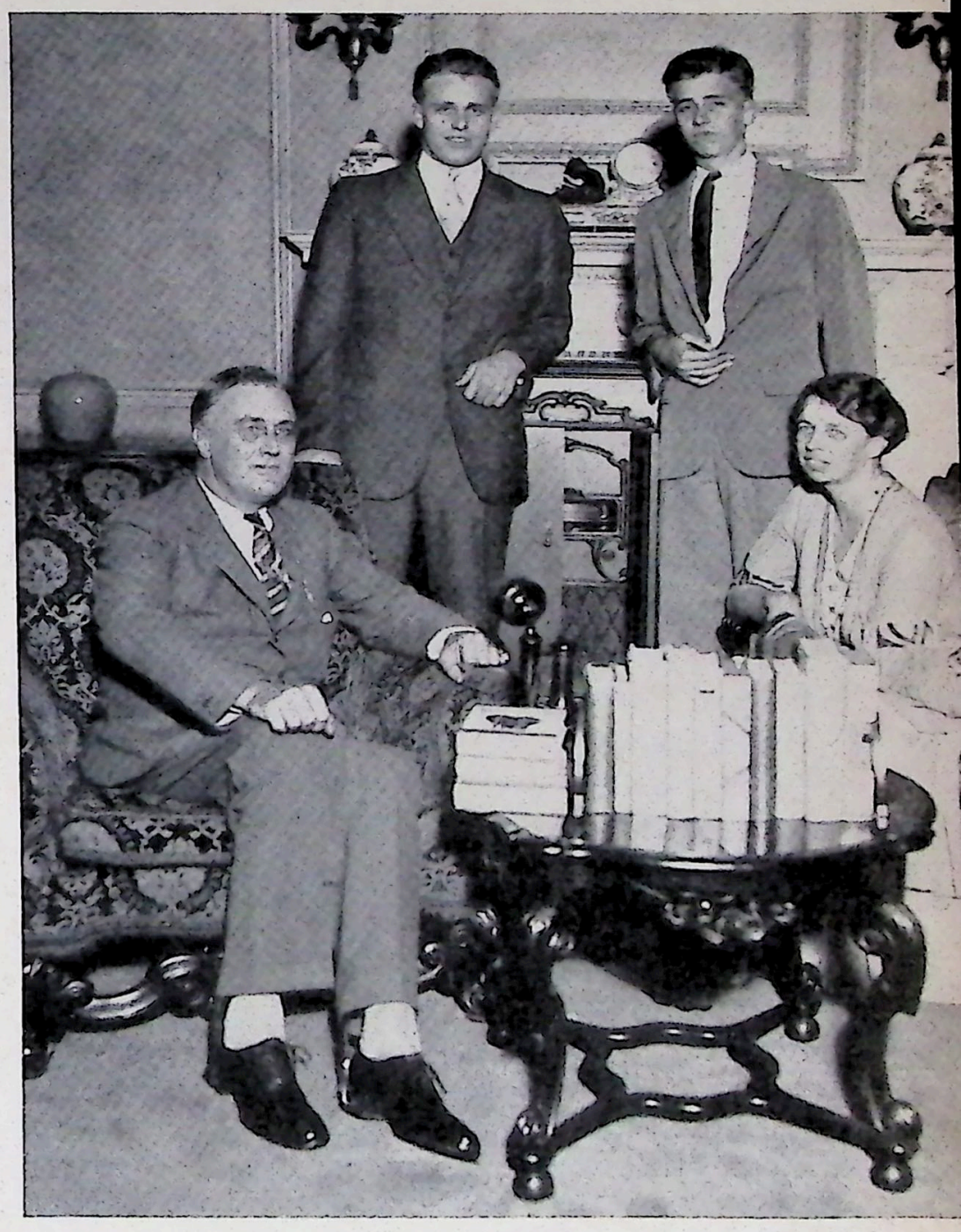
And through it all, Franklin's political opponents, growing ever more bold and bitter in their determination to "get That Man out of the White House," were plotting and scheming to undermine his power and what they regarded as his strangle hold on the Congress and the courts. The conflict was tense, at times, but Franklin Roosevelt relished it hugely. His wife was happy in the knowledge that he was completely fit now, possessing great physical stamina (except for those useless legs) and quickness of eye and brain. He won re-election for a third term, but it was clear by now that only the threat of war prevented the opposition from being more effective than it was.

In the fall of 1941, Mrs. James Roosevelt died, and only a few days later, Eleanor's brother Hall. It was almost as if Eleanor went from one deathbed to another. Characteristically, she was moved by the passing of both. Of her mother-in-law she had nothing to say that was not altogether charitable, for she understood perfectly that Sara's point of view on life and society was in sharp contrast with Franklin's and hers, and that there was no help for that. Of her brother she said, "... it was practically like losing a son." The death obviously was more than a passing grief to her, for Hall's going marked the severance of her only remaining tie with her childhood and her immediate family.

There would be no new influence of any importance in Eleanor Roosevelt's life from that point on. Her personality had now assumed its true shape, of course. It only remained for its contours to undergo a little additional firming and maturing. And except for that one great continuing influence of Franklin Roosevelt, she would have no further need for models to serve as guides.

She was deeply troubled by the trend of world events, during the late '30s and the first '40s – unprincipled and horrible attacks on Ethiopia, on China, on the Central European countries, on Poland, on the Low Countries, on France. The cause of peace had been all-important to her, ever since World War I, but this new world threat from belligerent Nazi and Fascist nations was far worse than any earlier threat to peace, because she realized that totalitarian aggression invariably strikes hardest at those simple, human ideals she had come to prize most, the rights of man and the democratic way of life. She saw, too, that it was the ordinary man, the civilian and not the professional military man, who was made to suffer most in warfare.

With the city of London – all England, in fact – feeling the full, concentrated force of Nazi fury that earlier had been distributed over Europe, there was a suddenly increased concern in the United States over the lack of proper civilian defenses. The President, busiest now with knotty problems of international relations and with such questions as what to do about national defense, knew that Eleanor could be extremely useful in such a field of activity, especially insofar as women could be made a part



There was jubilation on the part of Governor Franklin Roosevelt, his wife Eleanor and his sons Elliott and John, when news of his first Presidential nomination was broadcast in 1932.

of it. And so he asked her to do what she could to bring some sort of plan and organization into Civilian Defense, after the pattern already set in Britain. She soon found, unfortunately, that it was useless to try to cooperate with the temperamental Fiorello Laguardia, who had been appointed to head the movement. He was in a state of pique, in those days, because he had not been given a larger and more important wartime job, and the personal resentment that he felt for Franklin Roosevelt he frequently took out on his CD cohort. It was impossible to get anything done, she saw, and, much as she hated to admit defeat in so important an undertaking, she submitted her resignation. The petulant Little Flower himself was soon to resign.

Expert sailor Franklin Roosevelt always "made harbor ahead of schedule," said his wife. In this party: front, Eleanor, Franklin, son James; John (behind James); Franklin Jr. (behind father); secretaries.

Early in December came the great blow struck by Japan at Pearl Harbor – and the Declaration of War. And from that moment on there was less and less opportunity for anyone to think of self. Eleanor knew that henceforth the President would need the full, active support of every American, hers first of all.

Not quite a year later, already deeply immersed in wartime activities of every sort – work for the American Red Cross, Army-Navy Relief, canteen duties, hospital services, blood collections and so on – she made a flying trip to wartime England. This was at the urging of Franklin Roosevelt. In the knowledge that American servicemen would soon be involved in an invasion of North Africa, he felt that his wife could do much to bolster the morale of those who were stationed in Britain. It was also in response to Queen Elizabeth's invitation to visit England and see for herself what a state of war was like, and what British women were doing for their country. Mrs. Roosevelt was impressed by the efforts of the British Women's Voluntary Services, shocked by the utter devastation that had taken place in bombed-out areas. By means of what she was able to convey of all this to the readers of her newspaper column, she did much to convince Americans of the grimness of life on the other side of the Atlantic, much also to improve British-American relations and understanding.

The purpose of her trip, so far as American service personnel were concerned, had been admirably served, so admirably that months later, with the war in the Pacific mounting, steadily and terribly, the President suggested that she make a similar goodwill trip to Australia and New Zealand. She pleaded with him to permit her to make side trips to visit servicemen in the lonely and battle-scarred Pacific islands, such as Guadalcanal, and he reluctantly agreed. Secretly, however, he sent out orders to those in command of the various theaters of operation that she was not under any circumstances to be allowed to visit such danger spots. She was wearing the uniform of the Red Cross, however, and when the generals and admirals saw for themselves how much good her visits to hospitals and service clubs and recreation centers were doing, they found ways in which to circumvent the Presidential order and to let her get closer to the scene of action, where the need was greatest. She went alone, for the most part, or accompanied by an experienced Red Cross worker, and, as she had been advised to do by her own sons in the service, she made a point of spending more time with enlisted men and noncommissioned officers than with "brass."

"On Guadalcanal, as in many other places," she wrote, "I said a prayer in my heart for the growth of the human spirit so that we may do away with force in settling disputes in the future."

Franklin longed to make such trips himself and, for obvious reasons, could not – but he had specifically asked her to make direct reports to him about her tour of the Pacific, when she returned. This was a long-established practice, of course, and she knew exactly the sort of details he would want to know. "I felt that Franklin used whatever I brought back to him in the way of observations and information as a check against the many official reports which he received," she wrote in her autobiography.

And there were other such trips on which she served as the President's trusted envoy: After his conferences in Cairo and Tehran, she made a lengthy circuit of Caribbean Army and Navy bases and stopped in Brazil, British Guiana, Venezuela, Panama and the Galápagos Islands, where long-bypassed servicemen had begun to feel that they were the forgotten men of the war.

She performed these special services for her husband to the very best of her abilities, for by nature she was in all respects conscientious. Yet there were many, among the President's active enemies, who called the trips "junkets" at the expense of the taxpayers, even though she was scrupulously careful to pay her expenses out of her own pocket, whenever she felt that there was the slightest likelihood that her activities might be interpreted as partially unofficial or of a seemingly personal nature. For it was not always possible for her to reveal publicly the true purpose that lay behind such a trip, and by now she had had enough experience to know how easily Republican "snipers" might bring their sights to bear upon her or the President. The more irresponsible of the anti-Roosevelt forces did not scruple about the way in which they attacked President Roosevelt and his family. Even the President's pet Scottie, Fala, was not immune.

"I do not think I fear anyone," she said on several occasions, and at other times, to reassure friends who voiced their misgivings about the abuse that she sometimes had to take, "No one can hurt me." And it was true, for she was somehow able to steel herself against barbs without in any way becoming arrogant or hard. "I never thought of being proud of anything," she once asserted. And in one of her magazine columns she explained, "I do not often have mail which I do not like, but I sometimes have critical mail. If I think a letter is honest and reasonable I answer it." She was most scrupulous in dictating personal replies to the enormous number of communications that were directed to her by people she would never know in any other way. "Occasionally I think it would not serve any good purpose to answer it, so I simply do not answer it. I have always kept a file of disagreeable letters, which I call my 'hair shirt' file, so that in case at any time I should feel the nice letters were giving me too much satisfaction I would always have something to turn to, to keep my feet reasonably safely on the ground."

The war was being harder-fought and was far longer in the winning than optimism had led people to hope in the beginning, but by 1944, with the Axis powers being pushed farther and farther back on the Continent of Europe, with the first signs of weakness appearing in the Japanese armor, there was cause for renewed optimism, though not for a relaxing of vigilance.

But after the arduous years in the White House and the pressures attendant upon the Allied conferences that he had taken part in and his rapid tour of American bases in Hawaii, Alaska and the

Aleutians, Franklin Roosevelt's health had begun to suffer. His wife was concerned about him but not yet alarmed. What worried her most was her certainty that he would campaign for another term of office, the controversial fourth. Even without asking him, she knew that he felt that there remained a great deal to be done, and that he must finish the job.

Early in September, the Roosevelts went to Quebec, where Franklin Roosevelt was to meet Winston Churchill for preliminary talks about postwar plans, and immediately afterward there was the political campaign. That placed an added strain upon the President, even though it was impossible for him to be very active that year. For a time, after his third re-election, he seemed tired, generally lacking in his old resiliency and enthusiasm.

But with the fourth term inauguration, early in 1945, he appeared to be somewhat better, and he was intent upon going ahead with the plans for the Yalta Conference, which was certain to be one of the most important of the Allied meetings. That was to be followed by discussions of Arab-Jewish difficulties with King Ibn Saud. Mrs. Roosevelt observed, on his return to the States, that he seemed tired and somehow lost in uncertainty over the results of his trip, that he was saddened by the unexpected death of his old friend, General "Pa" Watson, a member of the President's party, and by the turn for the worse that the health of his intimate associate, Harry Hopkins, had taken. Others close to the President observed that he was increasingly irritable and hard to please, vaguely dissatisfied with the recent turn of events in the country.

Then, early in the spring of 1945, while he was at Warm Springs, sitting for a portrait, the President lapsed into a dead faint. That was the first and only warning. By the middle of April he had died suddenly, of cerebral hemorrhage.

Eleanor Roosevelt was at the White House when the news came to her. She gave way to one violent, prolonged outburst of grief. Then, at the announcement that Vice-President Harry Truman had called to see her, in her usual disciplined way, she quelled her emotions and met her visitor. It was typical of her that when Truman asked, "What can I do?" she answered, "Tell us what *we* can do. Is there any help that we can give you?" Even in a moment of grief as acute as this, her thoughts were not on herself but on those who might have some difficult problem to solve, some need of help.

Shortly afterward she sent cabled messages to her four sons, scattered in various parts of the world: "Father slept away. He would expect you to carry on and finish your jobs."

Only two of the five children were able to be present at the funeral services. But the period of mourning for both the members of the family and Roosevelt's admirers thoughout the country was to be an extended one. He would not be replaced easily. "I am more sorry for the people of the country and the world than I am for us," she said.

"No one will ever know how much of his load she helped to carry," was the comment of Ross T. McIntire, Surgeon General of the Navy and Franklin D. Roosevelt's personal physician during the White House years. He knew if anyone did, for he had ample opportunity to judge her abilities and her moral fiber.

The second half of Eleanor Roosevelt's autobiography, *This I Remember,* bears the following dedication: "To My Husband, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, and My Children, Anna, James, Elliott, Franklin, Junior, and John, Who Have Made This Book Possible." In comparison with the earlier volume of her story, this one is a book remarkable for its evidences of poise, self-confidence, dignity, sound conclusions – as if it had been written out of the certainty, at last, of where she was going, and what she expected of life. And significantly, because it contains at least as much information about her husband as it does about Eleanor herself, she says at the very beginning, "It can no longer be only my autobiography. Naturally most people will be interested primarily in what I may have to say about my husband . . . I do not claim that I can be entirely objective about him."

There is an echo, here, of a sentiment that she expressed in a letter she had written to Franklin many years earlier, when he had gone on a sudden trip to Europe, and they were temporarily separated: "I hated to see you go though I knew it was the best thing for you to do and the sensible thing for me not to go. We are really very dependent on each other though we do see so little of each other!"

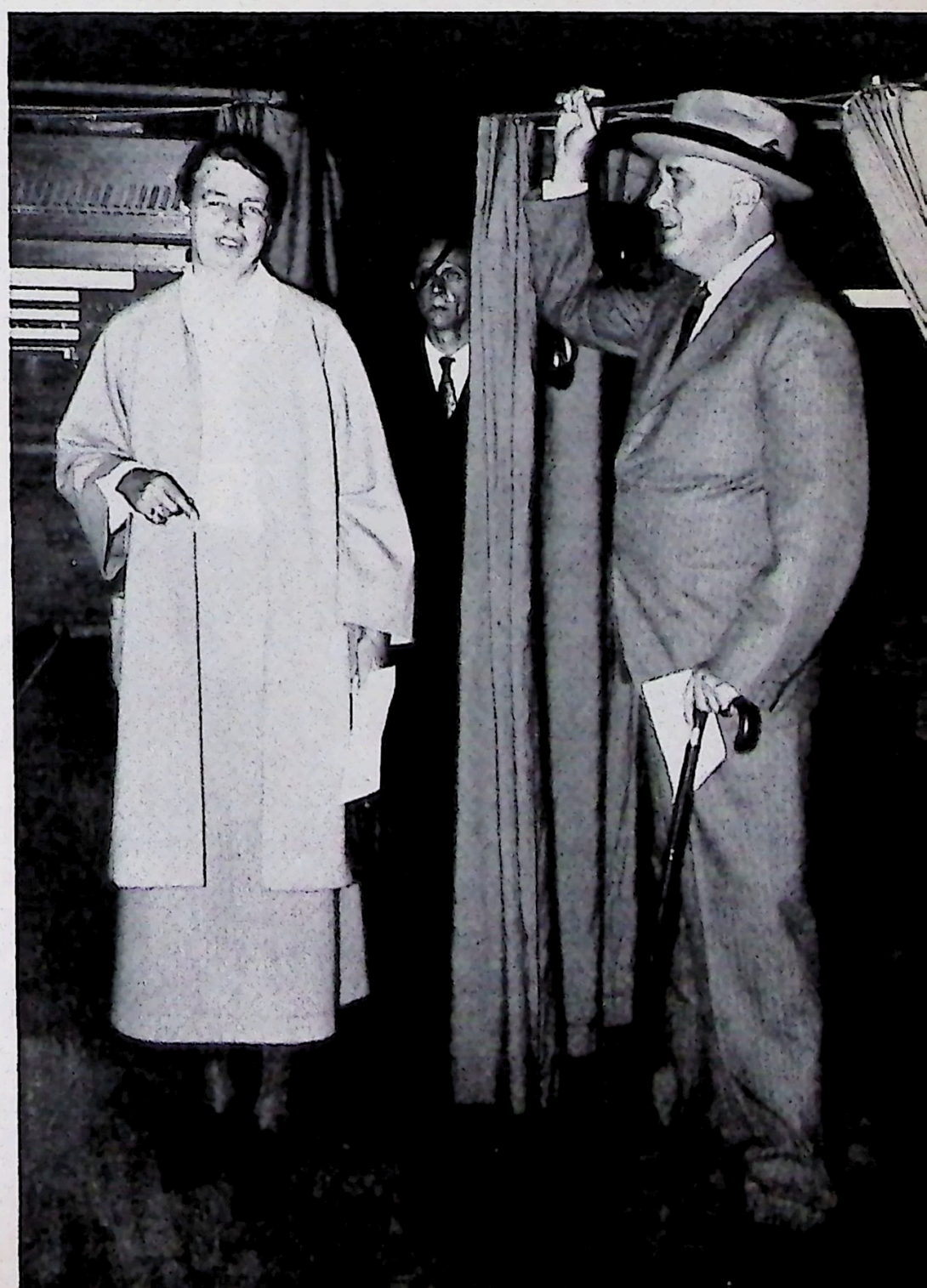
The attacks upon her have now lessened, following the death of "That Man in the White House," and her position in the country and in the world has grown more and more secure. Her innate good sense and composure seem to have won for her increased admiration and respect, and she has become a sort of "elder American stateswoman," with opinions to be sought and listened to, active in countless humanitarian causes throughout the world.

Now in her seventies, Eleanor Roosevelt is still filled with great energy and the urge to "get things done." Sometimes it seems as if, with time growing ever shorter, she feels a certain compulsion to act more swiftly than ever, stirring people into action by means of her writings and her speeches. And so she directs most of her attention, in all its impressive earnestness, toward the solving of those problems that are of ever widening importance to her.

She lives quietly and informally in the modest cottage that she built for herself some years ago on the Hyde Park estate, a house she has always preferred to the forbiddingly formal mansion of her husband's family. But she is away a great deal of the time. Periodically she travels about to "see for herself" as she has always done or to keep her many speaking engagements.

To the people of her own country she may not seem to be quite so close as she once was, but this is only seeming.

Voting, the Roosevelts insisted, was a citizen's duty – even if he thereby helped re-elect himself President. In November 1936, they voted in Hyde Park, as usual, on voting machines set up in Town Hall.



ELEANOR ROOSEVELT PORTFOLIO

LEFT: *Problems of housing have always been among Eleanor Roosevelt's great concerns. Her warm friendliness seldom fails to bring a quick response from strangers, even from foreign-born who speak little English, like this elderly tenement dweller in New York's Lower East Side, in the 1930s.*

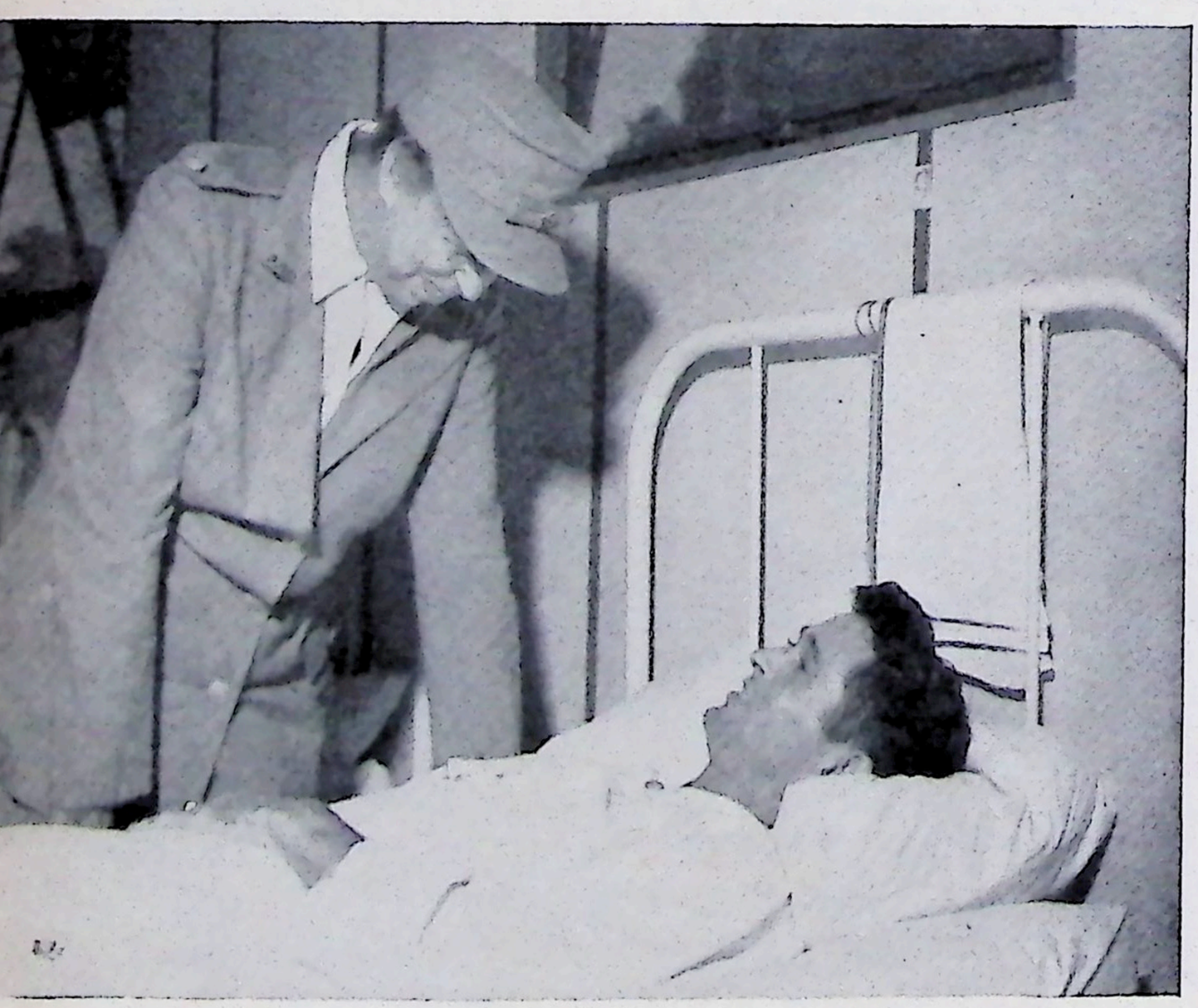
BELOW: *For her, there has never been any substitute for "seeing for oneself" – even if it means investigating, as she once did, actual working conditions for 400 miners in an Ohio coal mine, some two miles underground.*

ABOVE: *When King George VI and Queen Elizabeth of England visited the United States, the Roosevelts entertained them officially in the White House and took them for an informal visit to Hyde Park, where the President's mother, Sara Roosevelt, met them.*

RIGHT: *By the time the President and First Lady drove triumphantly back to the White House, after his second inauguration ceremony, January 20, 1937, United States economy was already on the upswing.*

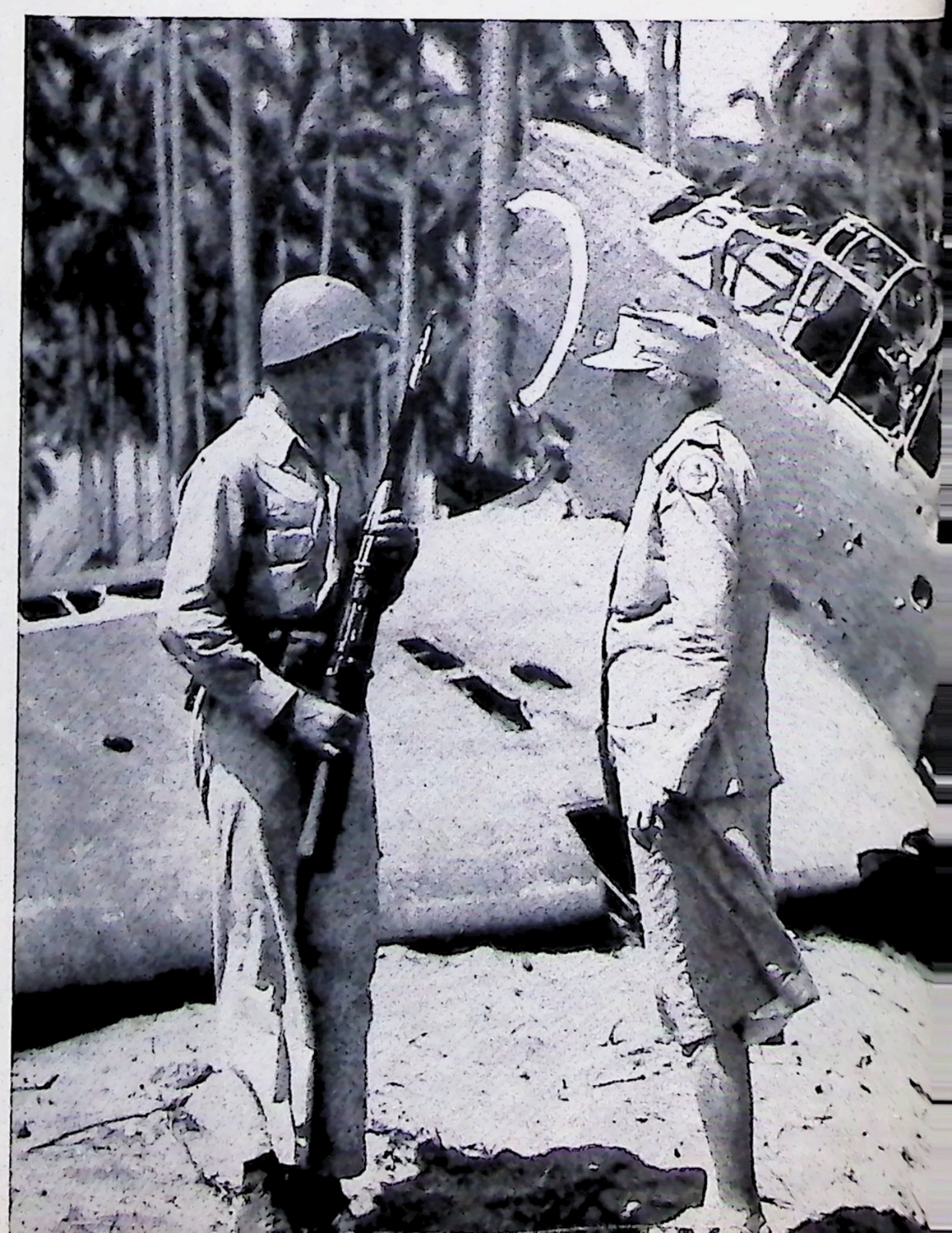
BELOW: *One of Mrs. Roosevelt's earliest assignments from the President was to investigate and report to him personally on unemployment and housing conditions in the Virgin Islands. Improved dwellings for Islanders were in part a result of her observations.*

ABOVE: *On duty as wartime White House guards were hundreds of servicemen. Mrs. Roosevelt entertained them on the South Lawn.*



ABOVE: *At the President's request, in 1943, Mrs. Roosevelt donned an American Red Cross uniform and flew to the hotly contested Pacific islands on a morale mission to U.S. Military bases and hospitals.*

BELOW: *The very places where she was certain she could do the most good, during her trip to the Pacific, were the spots that were most dangerous, where Franklin Roosevelt insisted she should not go. At Guadalcanal, a wrecked Japanese Zero fighter greatly interested her.*



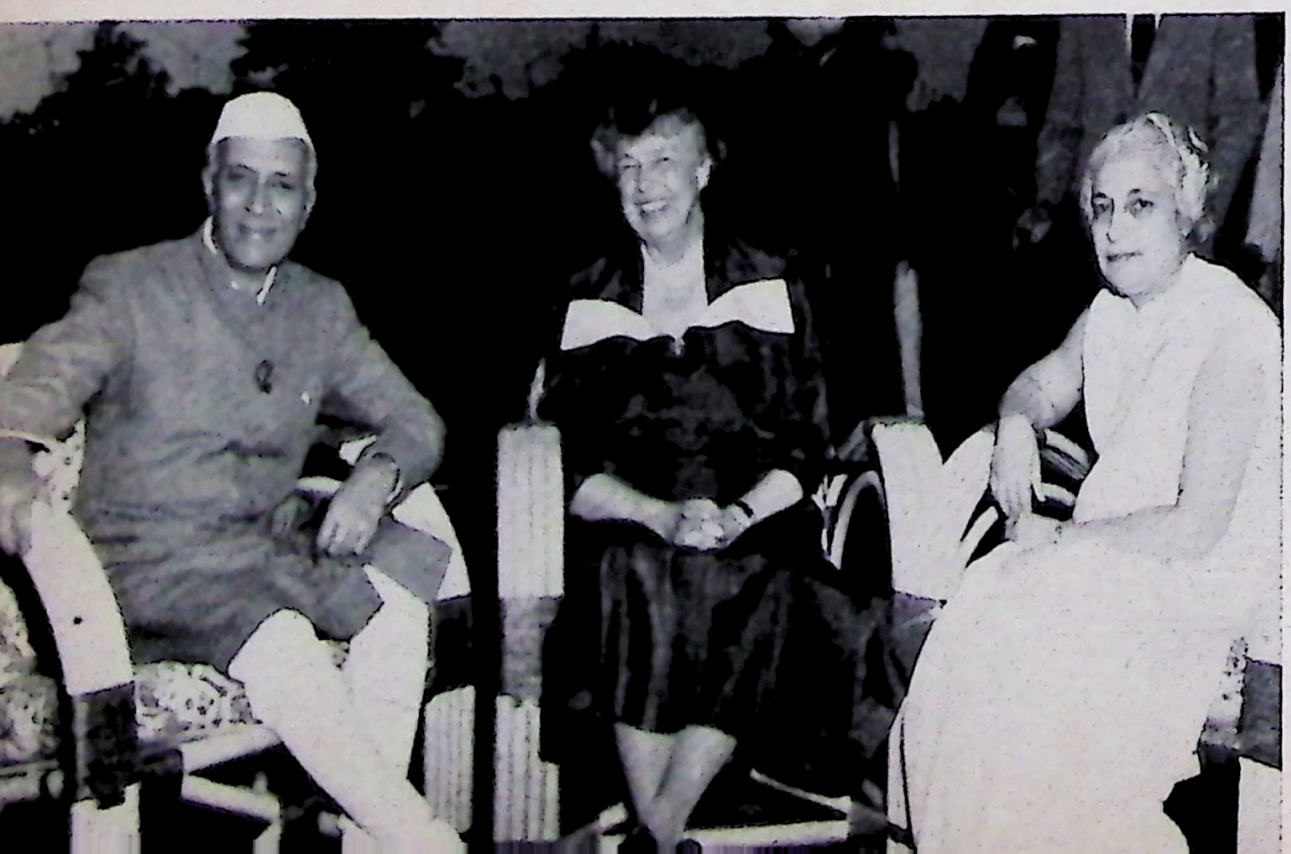
This photograph of the Roosevelts and all their grandchildren is said to be the last taken of the President.

"Hail – and farewell!" – best-remembered gesture and smile of a Chief Executive who endeared himself to thousands of Americans, infuriated other thousands, yet convinced a Nation that fear was the only thing to be feared.

ABOVE: *By means of her writings, her lectures, her radio and TV appearances, Mrs. Roosevelt never tires of explaining the purposes and functioning of the United Nations to the rest of the world.* LEFT: *An early U.S. delegate to the UN General Assembly, she later served with its Commission on Human Rights.*

BELOW: *Eleanor Roosevelt has always felt special concern for the new Israeli state, and she has often conferred with Premier David Ben-Gurion on the welfare of the country and on problems of Arab-Israeli coexistence. But she is unbiased, objective in her views, not favoring one side over the other.*

A '52 Far Eastern tour took Mrs. Roosevelt to India as guest of Nehru and his sister.



ABOVE: *Of many special awards and honors showered upon Eleanor Roosevelt, perhaps the greatest is the honorary Doctor of Civil Laws degree conferred upon her by Oxford University, chiefly for her untiring efforts as a member of United Nations' important Commission on Human Rights.*

Bedouin Sheik Suleiman and Mrs. Roosevelt discuss Arab-Israeli difficulties.

Scotties have always been the Roosevelts' favorite breed of dog, and, of all Scotties, the President's pet, Fala, was most famous. He is buried at Hyde Park.

Eleanor Roosevelt

PART II. - *Citizen of the World*

As early as 1940, with the United States still maintaining its neutrality, but with World War II rapidly spreading over most of Europe and reaching into Africa and the Orient, there were many people who liked what Eleanor Roosevelt had to say about the world situation and had already decided that in her there was a truly remarkable force for good.

United States Attorney General Robert H. Jackson put their feelings into words when he introduced her to an assemblage of people, in the spring of that year, by saying that, with the world as badly torn with hate as it then was, Mrs. Roosevelt stood out sharply as "a symbol of goodwill."

As Eleanor Roosevelt has so often noted in public, hatred most often arises out of feelings of fear or greed. But it is evident that there are none of these negative qualities in her own nature, for her almost complete selflessness has often been remarked by those close enough to her to observe her actions and to know something of the complete earnestness with which she attacks those problems that she feels are of the greatest importance in life.

By the time war was declared by the United States, she had already become an interested and well informed student of public affairs in her own country. She never failed in the performance of those ordinary duties of a good American citizen, and over the years she had developed a certain perspicacity about politics and political action that frequently served both her and the President well, and that were most useful to her later.

A few more years in the White House brought her the sharp personal sorrow of her husband's death and abruptly ended the distinctive married partnership that they had known together during the Washington years. But her unshakable belief in the possibility that the world might be made a better place than it ever had been would not in any way be lessened by Franklin Roosevelt's passing. The truth is that it was the memory of him, during the next few years, that actually proved to be a continuing source of inspiration for her. And it would do much to increase her zeal – whenever human need arose. The knowledge that Franklin Roosevelt had been greatly concerned about the pattern of the postwar world would lend her a certain assurance that she might have some share in helping that world to evolve.

She has this to say about the Washington period: "On the whole . . . I think I lived those years very impersonally. . . . I was lost somewhere deep inside myself. That is the way I felt and worked until I left the White House. . . . I was now on my own."

Her very sincere love of people did not desert her, and it is now, as always, coupled with a very real, even if somewhat intuitive, understanding of human nature. For she has the subtle knack of finding and winning the trust and affectionate respect of individuals. Who can say precisely how she came to possess it in the first place? It is enough to know that it is there, and that it is an invaluable aid in carrying out her chief purposes in life. Perhaps more important than any other one facet of her character is her scrupulous honesty with herself. For it has always seemed obvious to her that one must begin with honesty with himself, or he can never hope to achieve any sort of honesty with others.

Not that others have always been honest with her, of course. On occasion, she has even been accused of being more than a little naive in her more personal relations with individuals. This was specifically true of the early White House years. There were then a great many people who, because of what they must have felt to be her importance and her lack of experience with their kind, sought to use her unfairly in gaining their own selfish ends. But what truly good person is not a little ingenuous, at times, and likely to be somewhat too trusting, likely to be taken in now and then? It would seem that she has always felt it better to be too trustful than too suspicious of the motives of others. But by the mid-'30s she had learned a few harsh lessons in such respects and had seen the wisdom of dealing more cautiously with individuals. "I have grown a little wary in my own age," she was writing for her newspaper column about that time, "and I do not open my heart or my purse as easily as one might suppose."

Yet no part of her fundamental respect for the individual had been lost through such experiences, and, far from diminishing because of them, her belief in the rights of human beings in the aggregate continued to grow and flourish.

Franklin D. Roosevelt had once told her that she was far too impatient to be a good politician, and so far as the ordinary brand of politics is concerned, this may well still be true. However,

hers was an impatience for results, for reforms — improvement of conditions affecting the lives and the welfare of people.

Essentially, this amounts to a youthfulness of spirit that constantly drives her on. She once expressed great concern over the fact that there were not enough young minds in responsible positions in the Government of the United States, and she contrasted the elderly statesmen and leaders of her own day, and their smug reactionary ideas and attitudes, with the years and ideas of the country's Founding Fathers. "Fathers," she obviously felt, was an inappropriate name for those early Revolutionary leaders. Its connotations were misleading, since most of the signers of the Declaration of Independence and the Bill of Rights, perhaps all of them — she could not remember — had been active young men in their thirties.

In the last decade and a half there have been many indications that her interests have grown more serious and more and more concerned with human problems that are worldwide in scope — also that there are greater logic and order about her thinking than at earlier times. But it is no less youthfully flexible and enthusiastic. On one occasion she even wrote in one of her columns, with a trace of human impatience, "I wish I were young so that I did not have to consider so many sides of every subject. It is so much easier to be enthusiastic than to reason!"

Again and again, her speeches and lectures in various parts of the United States have shown her growing preference for serious subject matter and have at the same time disclosed much of her intensity of purpose. Her published writing reveals much of the same attitude. And since she has long been a professional, a writer writing for pay, the evidence in her books cannot be ignored.

The first of her more important volumes appeared in 1933, *It's up to the Women*, which attempts no more than to offer some practical bits of advice to women trying to run their households on small depression-years budgets and at the same time show them how to be good wives, mothers and voting citizens.

Two years later came *Why Wars Must Cease*, written in collaboration with such feminists as Carrie Chapman Catt and Jane Addams, on a subject that has always been as close to Eleanor Roosevelt's heart as it has to the hearts of most American women, especially those with draft-age sons — world peace. And with the threat of a second world war, there appeared, in 1938, another book under her own by-line, *This Troubled World*, a smallish volume expressing her revised views on war and peace.

Next on the list was an intense little book bearing the date 1940 and the title *The Moral Basis of Democracy*, in which Mrs. Roosevelt's announced purpose was to "give a clearer definition of the thinking of one citizen in a Democracy." It was intended to stimulate others to the point where they would decide for themselves what democracy might come to mean to them. It ends with this note: "There can be a real development of understanding among human beings, though it may take a great many years before there is sufficient change throughout the world to eliminate some of the dangers we now face daily."

Even in her columns for magazines and newspapers, in her autobiographies and in the several juvenile books that she either wrote or had a hand in writing, there are revealed much the same preoccupations with human beings, citizenship, democracy, peace, the United Nations, as in her more important books. Many of the columns, of course, have been collected and republished in book form. But in each of these, despite the topical and homespun nature of much of her subject matter, there is still a wealth of thoughtful writing that is of general interest, and that is somehow deserving of the name of "wisdom."

UN: Today and Tomorrow, written by Eleanor Roosevelt in collaboration with a journalist, William De Witt, bears the date 1953 and results from Mrs. Roosevelt's early participation in the activities of the United Nations. And a year later, there followed what amounts to a handbook of practical suggestions for women who are interested in finding their way into politics. Authorship of this volume, *Ladies of Courage*, she shares with a close and valued newspaper friend whose feelings about politics were much the same as hers: Lorena A. Hickok.

The years of Mrs. Roosevelt's greatest activity with the United Nations left her comparatively little time for writing. There are two exceptions: that in connection with her UN work, especially in the cause of human rights; and that for her columns, which long ago became daily stints that she has continued because they provide an extra source of income.

Yet out of her work with the United Nations there has arisen, among a number of new interests, a great desire to discover what conditions are like in certain other countries, those of the Near and Far East, for instance. Her new association with the UN representatives from member nations other than her own so aroused her curiosity and concern that, on a number of occasions, she has found ways to visit their countries. In her mind, of course, there has been her old purpose of "seeing for herself," an impulse that proved to be so productive during her 1952 trip to Israel and the Arab states, then to Pakistan, Nepal and India. The book called *India and the Awakening East*, published later that same year, is her personal report to the public.

None of these books is in any way light or frivolous, and all of them, modestly unpretentious and down-to-earth, tell much about Eleanor Roosevelt's ever youthful curiosity. They also give some indication of how greatly her horizons have continued to broaden from year to year, as she grew older, a development that became even more evident after her husband's death, when she was left alone. For today, with her five children long grown and married and parents themselves, with their own interests and preoccupations, there have been fewer and fewer personal demands upon her time. Mrs. Roosevelt is now freer than ever before to pursue such vital interests as the betterment of man's lot in the world, the improvement of understanding between men and the ever present problem of how to find and keep the peace between nations.

The emphasis in her interest has shifted noticeably: It has departed from the nationalistic, the more narrowly political, that was characteristic of her life during the time of her marriage, and before, and it has gone over toward the purely humanitarian. Which is not to say that she is any less the good American citizen, intent on serving her country first of all, in whatever way she deems best. As always, she is ready at all times to fulfill her obligations at home. It is patent, however, that it is now the larger world issues that do most to fire her imagination, because they have wider and more universal significance.

Even a cursory listing of Eleanor Roosevelt's interests and concerns, over the past few decades, is difficult. Long ago, she left behind that earliest preoccupation with fashionable or "society" charities and got down to the bedrock business of finding out about social problems and what could be done to solve them. One of the first of these was linked with labor and trade union causes in the United States, no doubt to some extent a reflection of Franklin D. Roosevelt's familiar and possibly more political interest in such matters. Very early, she worked with groups seeking to eliminate the evils of child labor from the American scene; affiliated herself with the Women's Trade Union movement, giving them the benefit of her thinking and her enthusiasm; and became an active member of the American Newspaper Guild.

At the national level, about this time, she wrote and lectured and fought for such causes as farm electrification and sanitation, prison reform and public housing. And a little later, during her

husband's first and second terms as President (especially during the postdepression years), there were numerous causes having to do with New Deal relief measures and reforms. She has fought well and effectively, moreover, to abolish such undemocratic practices as lynching and the poll tax.

But with the war there came a further broadening process. Franklin Roosevelt is still regarded by many, including his wife, as the father of the United Nations idea, for, years earlier, with the failure of the League of Nations, he had fashioned a revised plan for international control of armaments. When he became President, he again revised the plan and renamed it the World Federation of Nations. His enthusiasm for his idea was matched by his wife's, for its various provisions were mostly in accord with Mrs. Roosevelt's own long-held ideas on peace. But, with the United States again forced into war, there arose in her mind for a time a conflict of ideas, since it was obvious that two masters could not be served at once. Peace, therefore, was necessarily postponed for consideration at some future time, when the war would be won, and such causes as preparedness and armaments would once more come to the fore. She was unhappy about this contradiction, for peace had long been one of her chief concerns, but there was nothing that could be done about it immediately.

Another important wartime interest was orphaned children. It had long been her contention that underprivileged children, victimized by society in an even worse way than underprivileged adults, were deserving of a better life. She believed that something could be done to assuage their tragic lot. Long before the United States had entered the war, she had "adopted" three such war orphans, provided for their care out of private funds, which were conveyed through a United States Foster Parents Committee that had been set up for the care of European children. She was soon actively engaged in doing what she could to obtain the same sort of care for other war orphans everywhere – Chinese, Czech, Spanish, Polish, Greek, English, Finnish and French children whose parents had been killed, and who were now homeless. And on the occasion of her first flying wartime visit to England, in the fall of 1942, she saw her own orphans for the first time, a 17-year-old Polish girl, a 14-year-old Spanish boy and a 5-year-old British boy.

Hiroshima and the end of the war, followed as they were almost immediately by the beginning of a new era of atomic research that might easily lead either to useful peacetime ends or to the production of even worse weapons of war than the first atomic bomb, aroused in her the same doubts and confusions as in hundreds of thousands of other people. It did not help her peace of mind for a man of such great genius and humanitarian sympathies as Albert Einstein to declare that he would have forbidden the use of the atomic bomb at Hiroshima. There was now, she saw, a new threat to world peace, and there was also a new moral problem that must eventually be faced and solved. But she was inclined to agree with the opinion of many people that the later proposal to fabricate an even more deadly weapon, the hydrogen bomb, might in the end have the effect of so frightening all nations that it would actually work as a deterrent to warfare. She felt it might thus prove to be the greatest incentive to keeping the peace. "Individuals should want peace, should care about other human beings all over the world, regardless of race, creed, or color, and should be determined that they will not seek for purely personal advantage, but will seek for mutual advantage," she declared.

She was apparently unable to resolve her doubts over such questions, and when the United Nations at last began to function, and she became a part of it, it was easy for her to feel that in it lay the possible answer to all problems of international relations or the furtherance of peace.

In the beginning, at any rate, Mrs. Roosevelt's view of the United Nations was that it had only one really important objective: to improve international understanding and relations, to the point where agreement on disarmament might be possible. If that came about, her dream of world peace would be automatically realized.

She was somewhat more sanguine about this possibility in the early days of the UN's existence than she was a little later, after she had watched it at work for a time. But she has never ceased to believe in the central idea of the organization, and she has been optimistic about its chances of eventual success. She worked hard in every way she could to further understanding of the organization in the United States and to break down resistance to it on the part of more conservative Americans. This was largely through speaking engagements, broadcasts, writing such as the following column passage: "I look upon the United Nations as the only available machinery we have through which to work for peace. I am constrained to feel that no one contribution would be of much value alone, and therefore the only way we move forward is through cooperation of the member nations in the agencies that create an atmosphere in which peace can grow."

Even before the UN charter had been fully drafted and ratified, she was helping the cause along. It had always been so close to Franklin Roosevelt's heart that his feelings about it were almost the same as hers. So important did it seem to her that less than a year after his death she accepted her first appointment as United States Representative to the UN General Assembly. And it was not until the early '50s, when she was beginning to think that someone a little younger ought to replace her, that she retired from active participation in the United Nations, with this comment: "My own feeling is that we can't gain ground by standing still." Yet she was not by any means disillusioned, as this remark might have been interpreted to mean.

The greater part of her work with UN has been in the Human Rights Division. And considering her personal interests and her views on human rights, this was logical and natural. The Division, when she began to work with it, was not fully implemented, but she found that there were kindred spirits among its members, and between them they were able to clarify for themselves and the rest of the UN and the world the Division's proper sphere of activity.

In the beginning, her efforts were in connection with the work of the so-called Committee Number Three, especially in the administration of the Children's Emergency Fund, a postwar attempt to provide milk, foodstuffs, clothing and medical supplies to the millions of suffering children in ravaged countries. Some of these were war orphans; some were war refugees. And the mission of the Committee was one that would have moved and melted almost any human heart, for it was estimated that there were still 575,000,000 children who were in desperate need of such care.

But it was not long after the end of the war that the United States decided to cut off the funds it had provided, acting in the belief that the greater responsibility for such emergency care properly belonged to those nations that were most affected, most benefited. Americans, knowing little of the stark need of the children the Fund served, were inclined to believe that the emergency, with the end of actual fighting, was largely over.

This action on the part of the UN's most important member nation provoked much resentment and controversy within the Committee itself. Many of the Committee members from other nations grew emotional and very bitter in their denunciation of the United States, saying that the action was typical of the indifference of Americans and typical of American greed. And Mrs. Roosevelt, as the immediate and nearest target, bore the full brunt of attacks that in reality were directed at her country.

The experience did much to open her eyes to some of the very real and very basic difficulties that delayed or prevented accom-

plishment in the UN. For the first time, she saw for herself evidences of the very deeply rooted suspicions and bitternesses that sometimes exist between nations, especially those of Eastern nations toward the United States. Those, she knew, were of long standing.

She noted later that she felt that the cutting off of American funds for such purposes as emergency care for children – in spite of all considerations of charity and sentiment – was right, in this instance, because it actually did have the effect of forcing certain lethargic or neglectful nations to assume their full share of responsibility. Some of the member nations that had been loudest in denunciation of the United States, she observed, had been most neglectful of their obligations to their own people.

Reappointed by the United States for several successive years to serve as representative to the General Assembly, Eleanor Roosevelt had another chief field of activity in the Commission on Human Rights, a function of the UN's Economic and Social Council. This, too, was work that she believed to be of the utmost importance to the world. Knowing of her interest and understanding of the subject, as well as her earnestness, the Commission several times honored her by asking her to serve as its chairman, and before long it even asked her to write the initial draft of the document they were charged with drawing up.

The task was far from an easy one, and she stipulated that it called for the advice of expert minds, which she sought out and obtained. And after many months of labor and many mutations of the draft at the hands of the Commission members, the document was finally completed and was recommended to the General Assembly for the necessary approval and adoption by member nations.

It was very largely because of her work on this document that Oxford University granted her the degree of Doctor of Civil Laws, probably the most estimable of her many honorary degrees from various colleges and universities in all parts of the world.

In recent years, awards and special honors of this kind have been bestowed upon her in profusion, mostly for her freely given services on behalf of minority groups and humanitarian causes of every description. She has earned wide recognition and respect through such activities, and honors and awards are, of course, the only means by which the world can show her its appreciation.

Although in the beginning she had thought of the United Nations as having only that one important purpose – peace – she had now come to see that there were other less revolutionary objectives that the organization might achieve, too, and that some of these might eventually produce a climate of opinion that was favorable to peace. She saw very clearly that, before anything concrete could be accomplished, man's fundamental attitudes toward his fellow man needed some changing. And in order to bring this about it was evident that dedicated and selfless leaders were necessary: "Moral leadership is the quality in men and nations which makes other nations and leaders believe that they are not completely self-interested; that they have at heart the interests of other nations as well as of their own."

Granted that this is a wholly idealistic concept, it is obvious too that the idealism of an Eleanor Roosevelt is among the few heartening experiences men enjoy in a lifetime of realities.

Since her withdrawal from all direct participation in UN activities, Mrs. Roosevelt has continued with her efforts to educate Americans to a better understanding of the organization's functions and methods of operation. And this she has done mostly through such groups as the American Association for United Nations.

In January 1952, several months before her resignation from the UN, Eleanor Roosevelt left on her trip to visit the countries of the Near and Middle East. These were sections of the world that she had long wanted to know something about, and not long before that her interest had been whetted by her experiences with UN Committee Number Three and its Children's Emergency Fund.

She felt concern over the increased violence between Israel and the Arab states, for example, and, as usual, she wanted to see for herself what the true state of affairs might be. She also wanted to investigate the reasons for similar sharp differences between newly partitioned Pakistan and India. On-the-spot impressions and observations were always valuable, and she had already had a number of invitations from people as important as Dr. Charles Malik, Prime Minister Nehru and the Begum Liequat Ali Khan. "I have never been anywhere in the world where I did not find things in which I was interested," she had said some years earlier, a fact that seldom escaped the notice of people from other countries.

In addition to Israel, which she was to visit again at a later time, she saw Lebanon, Syria and Jordan, and in the Far East she visited Pakistan, India and Nepal. What she had learned through the United Nations was extremely helpful to her in arriving at sound estimates of conditions that she observed for herself in these countries. She found it possible to be at once sympathetic and understanding of points of view at variance with one another, and objectively impartial in arriving at her own conclusions. Everywhere she went, her warmth and friendliness of manner, her flattering curiosity about local customs and beliefs, her deeply felt understanding of problems, stirred friendly responses. In all probability – although she was traveling at her own expense and not under the auspices of any United States agency or Department, or any UN body – her trip resulted in more goodwill than any number of official tours of State Department representatives or political-minded United States administrators. She was traveling as a private citizen of America, but even more as a friend of other nations. Everywhere she went, the fundamental differences between their purposes and points of view and hers were apparent to her hosts.

The report of her observations that she wrote and published afterward is at once more perceptive and more sure, more smoothly written, than any other book that she has ever turned out. The trip had confirmed one tentative impression that she had long held, with respect to the United Nations: "I have come to feel with ever-increasing conviction that work with and through the United Nations is the keystone to success in developing cooperation among countries, and to peace in the future."

During the first half of 1957 she has remained comparatively inactive, except for the usual schedule of columns and speeches and lectures. Perhaps a slight feeling of weariness has begun to come over her. That would scarcely be surprising, after all that she has done in the world.

In February, she took an active part in the move to restore German and Japanese property confiscated during World War II, because she believed this to be a moral obligation. That month, too, she willed her eyes to the Eye Bank for Sight Restoration.

Most recently, in June, she revealed that she had applied for a visa to Communist China, as a correspondent – "to interview some of the people there" – again, because she wanted to see for herself what conditions were really like. It had been rumored that the State Department had at last relaxed its ruling that journalists not be permitted to go to China. The rumor proved to be false, and her request was turned down, but she expressed the hope that the State Department might yet "find it possible to allow all correspondents who wish to gather news from this area of the world to go there if the Chinese will allow them to enter."

Eleanor Roosevelt has always been a stanch defender of freedom of the press, and again and again she has expressed strong disapproval of all attempts to curb speech or to censor news. Freedom of expression, at whatever level of human relations, she regards as one of the most important of basic human rights. ♦

F. D. R. as seen by...

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

My husband often said to me — that I was much too impatient to be a good politician, that I wanted to see results much too quickly and therefore would sometimes perhaps have accepted the attitude of a benevolent despot rather than have had the patience to wait for democratic forces to work out the problems and solutions far more slowly. With age I have become more patient!

I think my husband understood and admired Mr. Churchill's patriotism and his devotion to his country; My husband had an equally patriotic devotion to the United States of America. He considered that the interests of the two countries were not always identical. There were political interests entering the war strategy here and there that were bound to cause some differences. Even more difficulties are certain to appear in times of peace.

I do not think my husband had any premonition that he would not live to finish his term in the White House. Four years previously I think he had a feeling that any man well might not live through a third term. But, having lived through the third term, he believed, I think, that if it was right for him to run he would be able to win and he would live as long as he was needed to do his work.

Very often a social conscience is more easily awakened in one who has not been hardened by having to battle for every advantage in life. My husband's parents brought him up with a sense of obligation to other people. He had a chance to travel and make contact in a simple way with people in other parts of the world. His mind was open and intelligent, and as his contacts broadened his sense of justice deepened. He was a liberal because he believed in social justice.

["We have nothing to fear but fear itself," F.D.R.'s oft-quoted saying] . . . was an original saying, if there is anything really original!

My husband always complained bitterly that even some of the best newspapermen lacked sufficient knowledge of certain countries when he visited them and that he was constantly briefing them on trips to give them more background which would make their stories more interesting and understandable.

Children are, of course, free from prejudice. They are also free from the conventionalities and the hold which custom and tradition will lay upon them as they grow older. They are able to accept new ideas more easily and they adjust to new conditions far better than older people. For that reason I think my husband felt that if we could look upon the universe through the eyes of children, wiping out what tradition and custom had fastened on us in the way of habit and prejudice, we might find new solutions for old problems and accept new problems and solve them with greater ease.

I never heard President Roosevelt say that he felt war was inevitable for this country. I did hear him frequently say that the conditions in the rest of the world were making it more and more probable that this country would be involved and that it was becoming increasingly difficult for us to live alone, set apart from the rest of the world, but even if he had set a date in his own mind, I doubt if he ever told anyone.

My husband . . . accepted infantile paralysis as a challenge. I never but once heard him complain, and never did he take the attitude that he was going to be a useless member of society. With that as a beginning, I think the years of discipline and suffering which he went through made him the great individual that he became. He understood human suffering and he knew it could be overcome. He also knew that one must have physical and spiritual courage; and, if one had that, there was no situation that could not be met.

I am an individual and so was my husband. It happened that on nearly all big issues we agreed but any two people are bound to differ now and then, on method if not on principle.

I think my husband was too preoccupied, usually, to notice my clothes, but sometimes he would suddenly look up and say he liked something I had been wearing for two or three years!

I have no favorite joke on myself, but there are a great many and I enjoy them all. The humorous drawing which amused me most is the cartoon of me sitting up in bed with a typewriter on my knees, a picture of my husband hanging on the wall above. I am looking very thoughtful and saying, "But it would make such a nice scoop if you'd only tell me, Franklin." (The third-term question was at that time being asked, and I never had an answer to it until after the nomination by the convention.)

My husband's success was mostly the result of . . . his patience and his ability to look at things historically. By that I mean that his vision was not limited by the immediate situation, but he was able to see the background and the future of whatever was under consideration. When he made a decision he could patiently wait for the outcome; and if it was wrong or partially wrong, he had the patience to begin again.

From the wisdom of . . .

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

A mature person is one who does not think only in absolutes, who is able to be objective even when deeply stirred emotionally, who has learned that there is both good and bad in all people and in all things, and who walks humbly and deals charitably with the circumstances of life, knowing that in this world no one is all-knowing and therefore all of us need both love and charity.

I suppose people in public life are so accustomed to gossip they become rather indifferent, because they have to survive so much that is untrue . . . I have always felt that gossip and backbiting are matters of utter indifference. There is only one important thing, and that is to help a human being through whatever experience or mistake he or she has made to become a stronger and better person in the future.

The years of youth, when there is less responsibility, are enjoyable — but the anxieties of youth are also very marked, and there are few young people who escape them.

I am not given to going much beyond the things that have to be done each day. I have always been so busy that, if I thought I had adequately met the demands day by day, what was going to happen in the future never received a great deal of thought.

In all human relationships, and marriage is one of the most difficult, I think perhaps the important qualities for all individuals are unselfishness and flexibility. Tact can be a help also, and real love which occasionally carries you beyond interest in yourself is essential.

I have lived more than sixty years and I have heard young people condemned many times. I think nearly every generation is better than the last, and I certainly admire the present one.

My favorite [Bible] verses are in First Corinthians, Chapter 13, which starts: "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal."

I have never understood why people worry about exactly what form immortality takes. We have to accept what is in store for us, so why worry about it? The incentive for us to live to the best of our ability every minute of our lives lies in this fact of immortality.

I think women are often superior to men in their intuition about people; in their executive ability when they are handling detailed work; and in their ability to subordinate themselves to a cause or to another individual if they think that is the way to serve a cause. You will laugh . . . but I think women often talk less and act more quickly than men.

I happen not to like the idea of censorship, except such censorship as the people exercise when they ignore something.

I wonder if one of the penalties of growing older is that you become more and more conscious that nothing in life is very permanent. Perhaps one might call it one of the compensations of growing older, for it forces you to project yourself beyond the moment and to try to find some reason in the future for the happenings of the present.

It depends entirely on how you pray, whether prayer is answered or not. If people pray for special things, I doubt if anyone could be quite sure whether his prayer had been answered or not. If we pray, however, for the things that I think one can legitimately pray for — for instance, courage to meet whatever the day may bring — I think we can find in our hearts the knowledge whether our prayers were really answered or not.

It seems to me that intellectual maturity requires a recognition of the fact that the world is full of things which no one human being can possibly know all about. The intellectually mature are usually anxious to learn and they know that not all wisdom is attained through winning university degrees.

Charm is evanescent and very difficult to describe, and varies in every individual. Perhaps the basic thing which contributes to charm is the ability to forget oneself and be engrossed in other people.

My greatest fear has always been that I would be afraid — afraid physically or mentally or morally — and allow myself to be influenced by fear instead of by my honest convictions.

Work is always an antidote for depression, and loneliness is just one of the manifestations of this frame of mind or state of soul which is the lot of all human beings.

The CONDUCTOR *King of the Musical Realm*

by Kurt Blaukopf

GEORGE SZELL, conductor of the Cleveland Orchestra, with a section of a modern instrument grouping, gestures for a climactic pitch.

THE CONDUCTOR OF OUR DAY has become king of the musical realm. It is not very long since he was merely its servant. Not, I would have you understand, that he was subservient to the work or the composer — that in itself is a more modern conception — but subservient to the will of the patron.

As leader of the orchestra, Haydn had to pay his daily respects to Prince Eszterhazy, inquiring what music "it pleased His Excellency to have intuned." Moreover, the orchestra leader in those days was no conductor as we understand the term. Right up to the 19th century, the performance was directed from the harpsichord (this practice being a remnant of the thorough-bass period) or conducted by the violinist (who played the "melody" or tune).

The baton is an acquisition of the 19th century. It is the outward sign of the conductor's sovereign powers. But it took some time for this sovereignty to establish its ruling rights. Mendelssohn, who already used the baton, was not accustomed to conduct the work right through. He would beat time at the beginning of an eight- or 16-bar period, then stop, listen attentively to the orchestra and begin again when he wanted a change of tempo, a crescendo or a diminuendo.

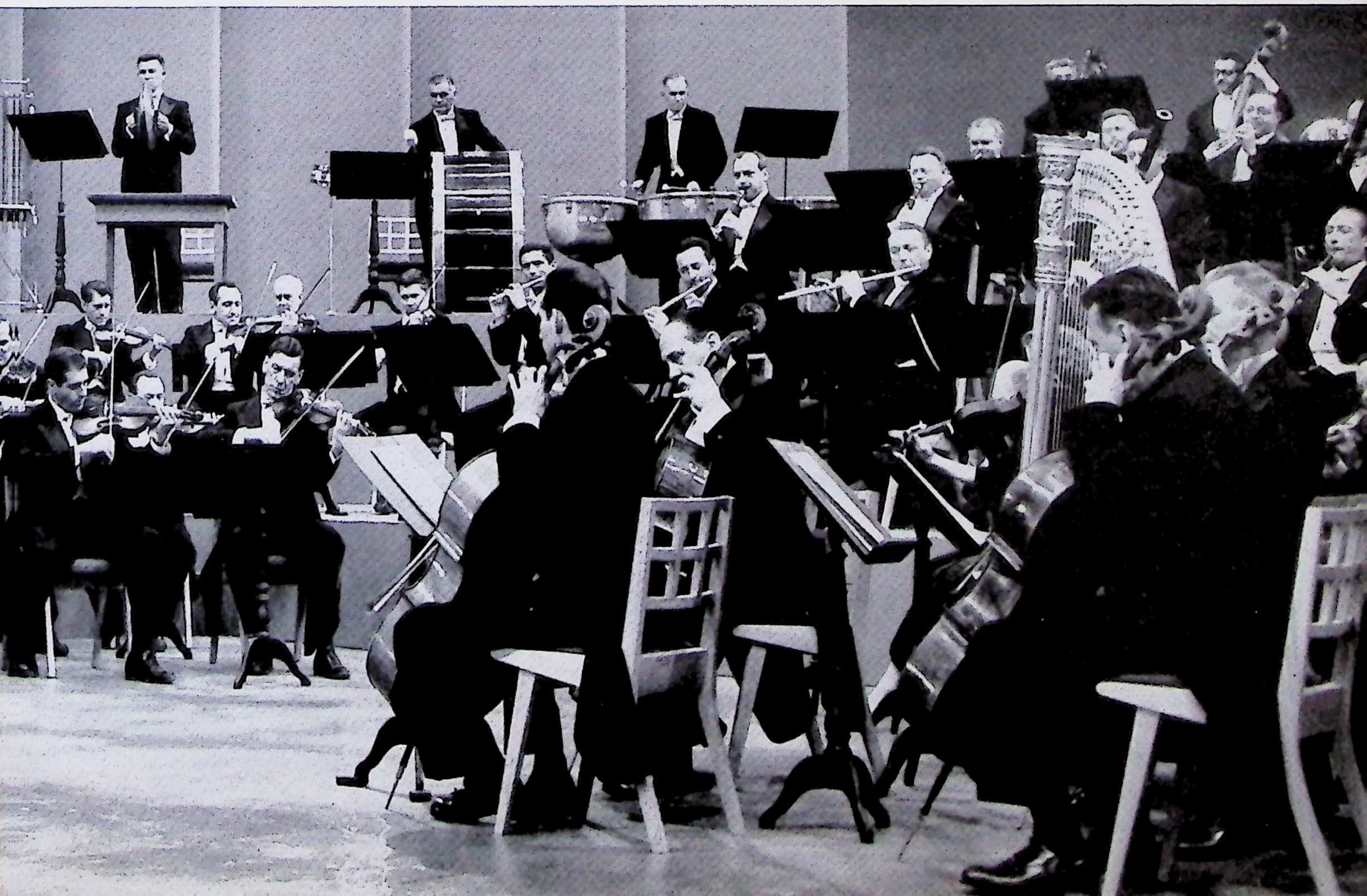
In the conscience of the age, the conductor was still outside the body of practicing musicians. He was, so to speak, an assistant who was considered useful for certain purposes. Mendelssohn would participate with the audience in its applause at the end of the performance, thereby expressing openly that it was not his achievements they were acclaiming, but that all merit was due to the orchestral body. The conductor had not yet achieved sovereign rule over the republic of the orchestra.

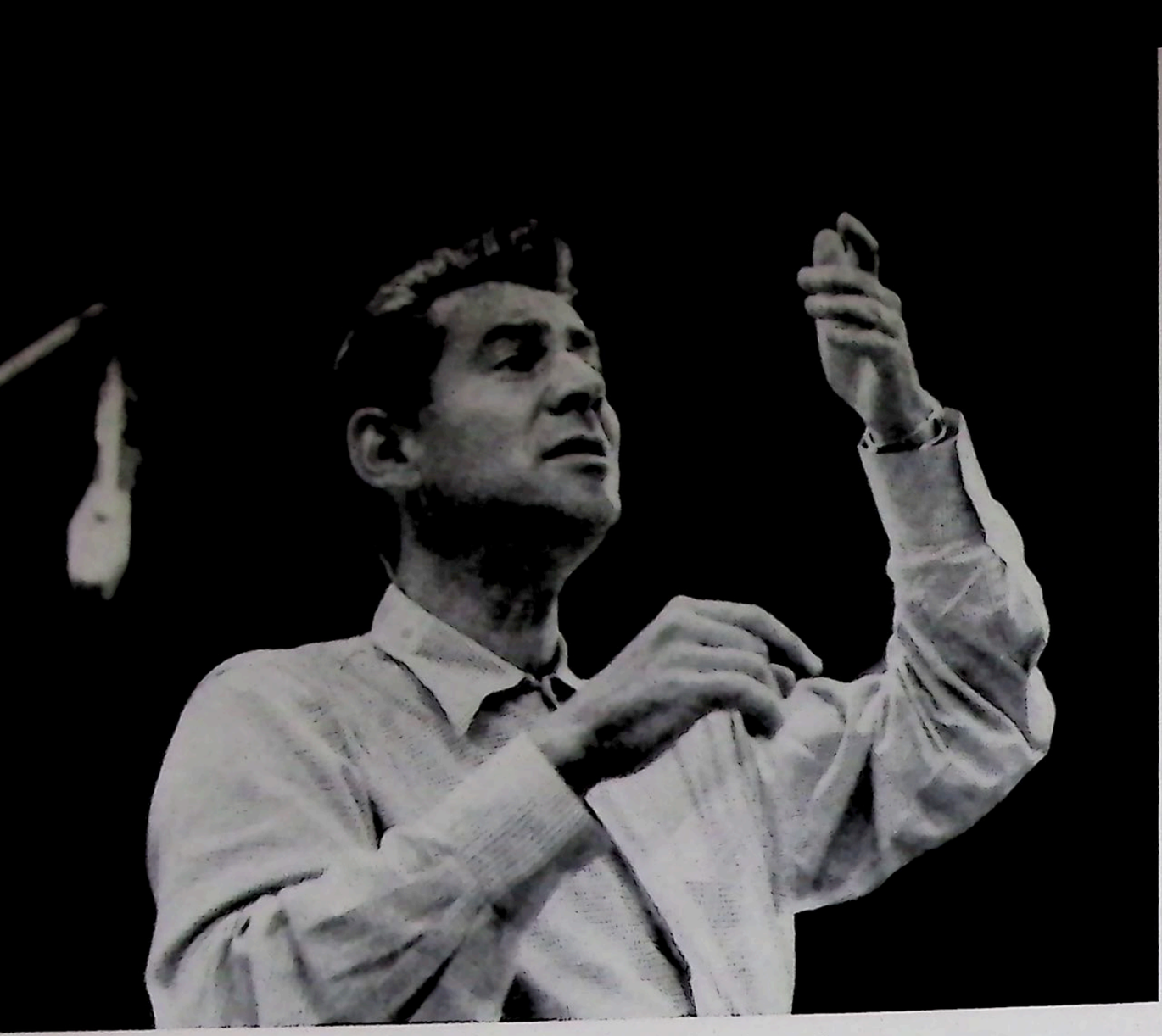
When in 1835 Robert Schumann wrote about a *Gewandhaus* Concert conducted by Mendelssohn, he was up in arms against the "disturbing stick" and spoke of the orchestra as a "republic" which should not be subjected to any higher authority.

Since about the middle of the 19th century, the world of music had become accustomed to the disciplining function of the conductor. Soon there were to appear the classical documents announcing the conductor's right to direct. Thus, in 1856, Hector Berlioz wrote about the "Art of Conducting," and 13 years later came Richard Wagner's treatise "On Conducting." The concept of the "republican orchestra" was not, however, wholly abandoned. Time and again there were attempts at a so-called democratization of music-making. Is a conductor indispensable? Cannot all musicians collaborate in a like manner in the molding of a musical work of art? Does not the republican orchestra increase yet further the artistic conscience of each individual musician?

These and similar trends of thought led to the creation of the conductorless orchestra in Moscow in the '20s of this century. It became known as the *Persymphans*, which is the Russian abbreviation for "first symphonic ensemble." Following closely on its heels was the New York Conductorless Orchestra, founded in 1928.

Experiments of this nature did not last long. There are consider-





LEONARD BERNSTEIN, impulsive and dynamic, requests "More expressiveness! More feeling!" at rehearsal.

Underlining the tempo he wishes from the members of the New York Philharmonic, he sometimes dances

able drawbacks of an organizational nature. Does every musician dispose of the time necessary for a thorough study of the score? Does such collective work guarantee a really unified presentation of the musical masterpiece? In practice, is it not the more gifted and more educated member of the orchestra who takes the lead?

Finally, the conductorless orchestra lacks a visual and "propagandist" element which even the protagonist of "pure music" cannot underestimate. The conductor is more than just the leader of musical fate. Since the days of Hans von Bülow, he has moved into the center of the picture, has become a supreme symbol of music, a figure upon whom the attention of the listener is focused. He no longer makes do with just beating time, indicating a crescendo or decrescendo, steering a rallentando or accelerando along. He imparts to the musician (and thereby to the listener) a mental picture of the musical work in question. Certainly this transference should be effected through the medium of the orchestra.

The conductor not only commands the center of the stage in the concert hall but has also become the focus of the cultural stage of our day. If in earlier times it was a question of the conductor, he was referred to in poetic and dramatic metaphors. Today the conductor has become a cultural category in his own right. A dramatic critic who recently wished to portray the character of a most effective theatrical producer said: "He is the Karajan of the stage!" Such phrases reveal the popular and autonomous nature of the conductor today and the extent to which the varying types of conductors have clearly impressed themselves upon the consciousness of the public.

The elevation of the conductor to the level of an idol brings many a danger in its wake. Is the conductor to wallow in emotion, to impress outwardly? Is he to conduct facing the public? Does his direction concern the orchestra alone?

"The conductor must hear the work of art in his imagination as wholly and completely as the composer conceived it," says Hermann Scherchen. "Hearing" also entails the mental grasping of the work. This, of course, envisages a second creative act. When Toscanini conducted the New York *première* of Puccini's "Girl from the Golden West," the composer exclaimed: "Toscanini has composed this opera for the second time." Is there greater praise for a conductor than this?

And yet, how is this ideal image to be imparted to the musician? Can this come about by means of dry, technical directions? Even the composer does not limit himself exclusively to technical indications. Dvorak's favorite expression is "*grandioso*"; others use "*con espressione*" or similar indications, and Richard Strauss does not even refrain from an occasional insertion into Mozart's *Jupiter Symphony* of the word "*grazioso*." . . . It is only a few more steps now to the poetic description of music. Can the conductor be prevented from verbally imparting his concept to the orchestra?

The orchestral musician who is bound up with the daily routine of music is not pleased with such descriptions, as a rule. What he wants is clear-cut, precise, technical instructions, as he lays no store by "personal interpretations."

A New York oboist who protested against Otto Klemperer's description has become an almost legendary figure: "Mr. Klemps," he said, "you talk too much!" But how is the musician to grasp the mental image of the conductor, who is the only one on the platform to possess a complete picture of the work?

It is impossible to do without the spoken word. Of course this applies only to work at rehearsals. Yet, to what length can interpretation go? Weingartner, for example, as we tend to forget nowadays, ventured fairly far afield and arrived at interpretations which are otherwise to be found only in badly written program notes. For the first theme of the first movement in Mozart's *G-minor Symphony* (K.550), Weingartner gave the following description: "A moth flitting about over the goblet of a melancholy, drooping bluebell on a summer's day."

Such risky qualifications lead directly to Stokowski or, speaking of an early period, to Hans von Bülow. Reliable reports have it that the latter was one of the greatest conductors of his day. But his achievements bear out conclusively in what close proximity genius and folly dwell. Von Bülow did not confine himself to speaking at rehearsals. He even forced his poetic, political and often hair-raising interpretations on his audience. He was referred to as the "concert-orator," because he would not refrain from commentary. It has been recorded that before the second movement of Beethoven's *Eroica* he did not shrink from drawing a pair of black gloves out of his pocket and putting them on for the occasion.

Despite many an "*enfant terrible*" on the rostrum, our age has

the podium to accentuate the desired rhythm.
ere, with energetic motions, he gives the beat.

"Pianissimo!" "Softly! With finesse and delicacy!" Leonard Bernstein conducts mostly with his hands . . . and his body.

formulated the precept of faithful service to the composer. We have reverted once again to the idea of "service," even though we put a different meaning on it than in Haydn's day. It does not mean "in the service of the patron," but "submissive to genius." What we demand is the genuineness of the work in question.

Integrity is the highest decree. Felix Weingartner set this thought out with the greatest precision and made five concert demands on the conductor:

1. The conductor must in the first place be true to the work he wishes to perform; true to himself; and true to the public. He must not think, as soon as he takes up a score, "What can I make of this?" but – "What did the *composer* want to express?"

2. He must study the same so thoroughly that during the performance the score is to be nothing more than "an *aid* to memory," but it should not keep his thoughts in a vise.

3. When, as a result of a study of the work, he has created a picture for himself, he must reproduce this picture *in its entirety* and not bit by bit.

4. He must always bear in mind that he is the *most important*, the *responsible*, person in the realm of music. By means of good, well styled performances he can educate the public, thus bringing about an *all-round purification of artistic appreciation;* by means of bad ones, and such that are out to tickle his vanity, he can render the soil unfit for the real cultivation of art.

5. To have performed a beautiful work *beautifully* should be his greatest triumph; the justified success of the composer, *his own.*

Integrity! Genuineness! Is this not a noble and worth-while program for the artist? But what constitutes the truth of the work? This question goes beyond the mere musical text. Should musical interpretation always be historically correct? In the works of Johann Sebastian Bach, for example, does the original instrumentation solely and exclusively hold good? Many a "true interpretation" which ignores historical evolution in the "concert ear" rings monotonous and dead. Hence, it has come to pass in recent years that, even if we admit the precept of truthfulness, we must in practice make allowance for innumerable different readings. The question of truth is always one of historical criticism and re-evaluation. To pass judgment on conductors, therefore, means to pass critical judgment on the musical masterpiece as well. It would be deplorable if the work and interpretation were in theory to be so distinctly severed from each other as is erroneously done in critiques appearing in the daily press.

The wider public loves hero-worship. Music belongs to that sphere beyond the humdrum of daily life. It seeks recompense in tones for the wrongs of reality. The hero of music must be different. The heroism of the attic, which the Romantic Age worshiped, has lost its verve. Besides, this is an image which might invest the starving composer with a halo – but not the magician in tails. The conductor dare not be a poor relation of the film star. He must capture some of the glamour of the "dream-factory."

Both manager and press are prepared to play on the keys of the instrument of propaganda. A minute difference of opinion between conductor and prima donna, say, is bolstered up into a major scandal, makes front-page news in the yellow press and is broadcast through the ether. Be it a question of fees or traveling expenses, timetable or the number of rehearsals – skillful publicity men who know their public and trade inside out can find a means of turning it into a "story" of art and love. It is in this composition that the serum of publicity and advertisement is most potent.

If the conductor then appears in this setting, his powers of attraction are assured. Perhaps it is his artistic strength alone that draws the public. The manager, however, can run no risks – and the press is overzealous to come to his aid. In this way the echo of a conductor's fame is rung out, and the colorful legend is woven. An ever greater public is reached, a public which no longer consists of the musically discerning and positively interested elements but is also made up of a greater percentage of people who are out only to gaze in wonder at their cultural hero. In the majority of cases, they are quite hazy about the technical bond between conductor and orchestra and are therefore more prone to believe in mystical interpretations or descriptions. Conductor X is imbued with the "heavenly spark"; Maestro Y has a "magic left"; and *Generalmusikdirektor* Z is a "magician on the rostrum." It is only in recent times that the myth surrounding the conductor has become a general phenomenon. In the 19th century, "heroes at the conductor's desk" were exceptions. But, little by little, conventions were formed. One of the main factors in the development of this myth sprang from an external formality – that the

conductor had his back turned to the public. This change was in no way self-understood. Even in Mendelssohn's day, it was considered bad taste for the conductor to turn his back on the public. Into the profession of *Musikdirektor* had crept an artisan spirit.

We no longer see the conductor face to face – or even in profile. He has turned away from the paying public and looks straight ahead into the distant realm of art. In reality his eyes are directed to the musicians, but a feeling of the public invades his vision.

If you get a conductor who conducts without the score, and who closes his eyes to steep himself wholly in the music, then the illusion gains still greater credence and apparent justification. If then the press steps in and joins hands with criticism incorporate – well, the picture is complete.

It must be stated here that a good reproduction of a musical masterpiece is in no way a matter of dry-as-dust reasoning. It is in the first instance a matter of genuine feeling and personal expression. The means employed to express this feeling are in no way as simple as the demagogues of musical propaganda would have us believe. The passion of the truly great conductor is not identical with the gripping emotion experienced by the listener. One must distinguish clearly between the active evocation of emotion and the passive reception of such a feeling.

The conductor who abandons himself wholly to emotion will certainly be unable to do justice to the practical task with which he is confronted. He must rise above this emotion. Art is hot – but it does not perspire.

Purely technical knowledge, however, cannot turn a gifted musician into a great conductor. The intellectual and spiritual development of a person (and how else is one to understand the term "personality"?) is an essential element of the greatness of the musical interpreter. Were it merely a question of technique, Roberto Benzi at the age of 40 would be a super-Toscanini. . . .

The conductor has not only to *reproduce* the work. He must be forever *re-creating* it. Only from this standpoint can one speak of "personality." Certainly not in relation to mere historical, technical or formal structure of the work. It is in the daily act of re-creation that the individual traits of the conductor are expressed.

Sometimes the idea of new presentation finds expression in the score itself. Richard Strauss "arranged" many a classical masterpiece to suit his own purpose. Views may differ regarding this "revision." But we must admit that every age (and every conductor) deals differently with the score that has been handed down (whether he admits it or not).

Is the great conductor to be forbidden to communicate his interpretation to the players in those terms which they can understand? Strauss did not want to bind the conductors to his interpretations for all time. He once gave a younger colleague the following advice: "Do whatever you like, but never be dull!"

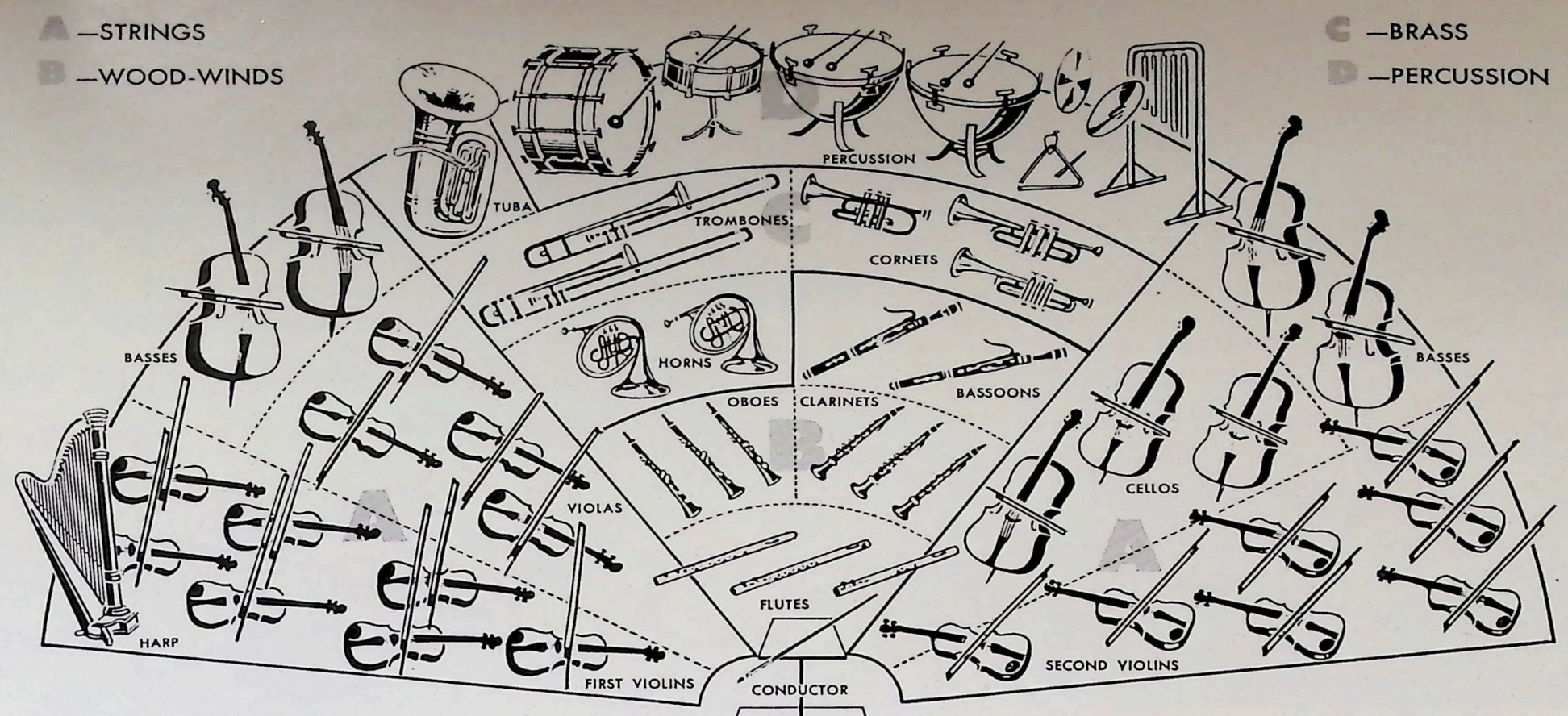
The great conductor does in fact do what he wants, but he wants only that which he can justify. Nevertheless, a great responsibility has been entrusted to him. He can do his best and worst. "The most awful mediator," said Berlioz, "is, in my opinion, the conductor. A singer can spoil only his *own* part; an incompetent and malevolent conductor *ruins everything*." ◆

BRUNO WALTER, famed guest conductor of the Salzburg Festival, seen during a recording session, pleads for . . .

(top) . . . an elusive nuance from his wood-winds . . .

(center) . . . more melodious phrasing . . .

(bottom) . . . and a sweeter, deeper and richer tone.



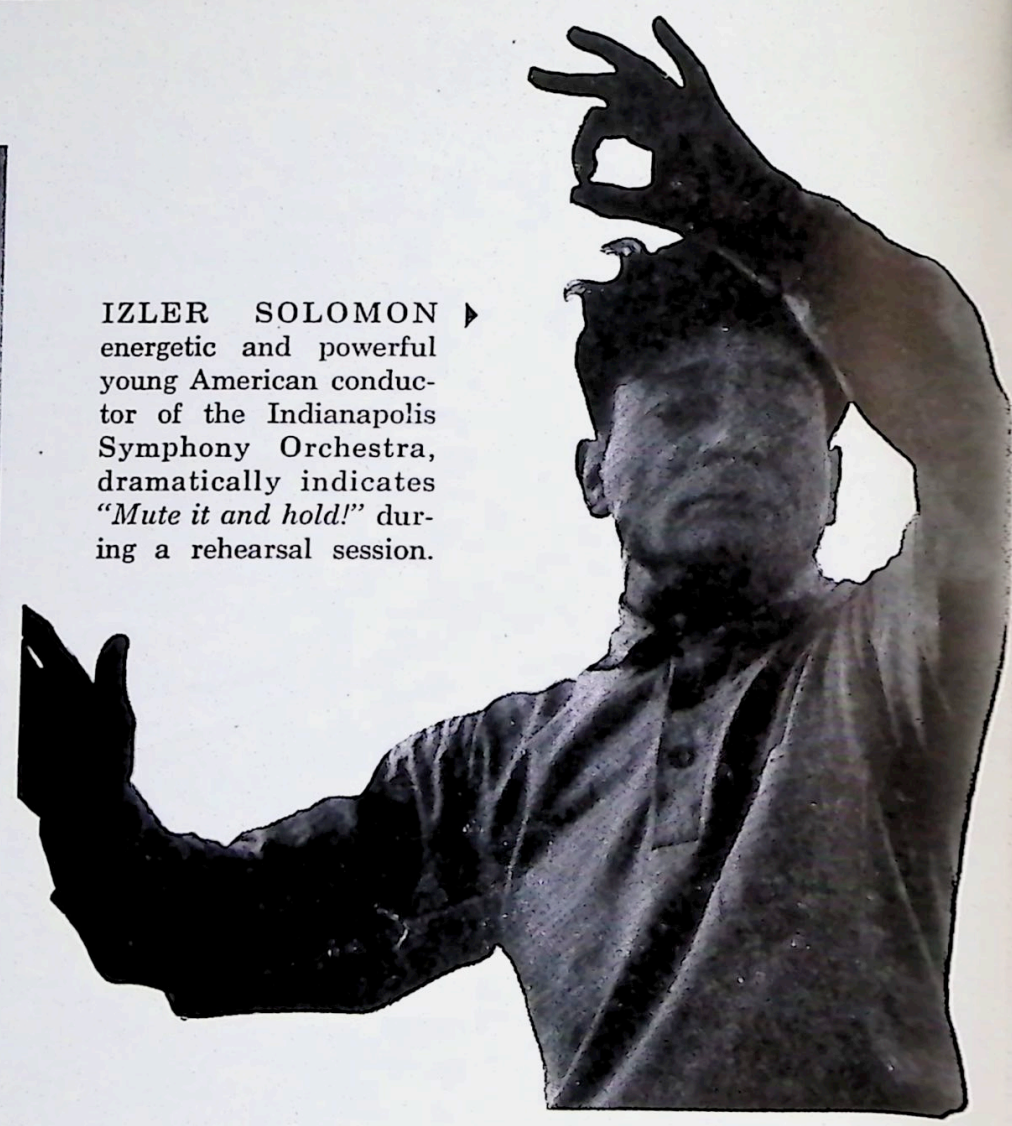
STANDARD ORCHESTRA ARRANGEMENT SINCE THE TURN OF THE CENTURY

Orchestra arrangement undergoes infinite variations, for the seating plan and the number of musicians are entirely individual with the conductor. Since an orchestra is several *bands* in one, some conductors prefer to group their *string band* together, usually on the left. This means the violin family, which includes the violas, the cellos and the basses – particularly the latter, no longer separated, but assembled in one unit. Others prefer their *brass band* (the horns, trombones, cornets and tuba) somewhat off to the right, for a better balance of sound and so that the brass will not blast to the front. Still others rearrange their *wood-wind section* for the most effective presentation, including a new location for that "imp of the orchestra" – the piccolo – while the harp (unless there are two or more) stands aloof in harmonious dignity. As for that noisy group amiably referred to in the profession as the "kitchen," and professionally known as the "percussion section," made up of big and little drums, kettledrums and cymbals, gongs, bells and other odd instruments that are beaten or struck, it usually remains at the back – or *in the kitchen.* A customary symphony orchestra consists of from 60 to upwards of 100 musicians, exclusive of the pianists. Pianos are not considered regular orchestra instruments but are often employed in the execution of modern scores, and their placing is contingent upon the requirements and staging of the composition.

EDWARD VAN BEINUM, noted Dutch conductor and musical director of the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra.

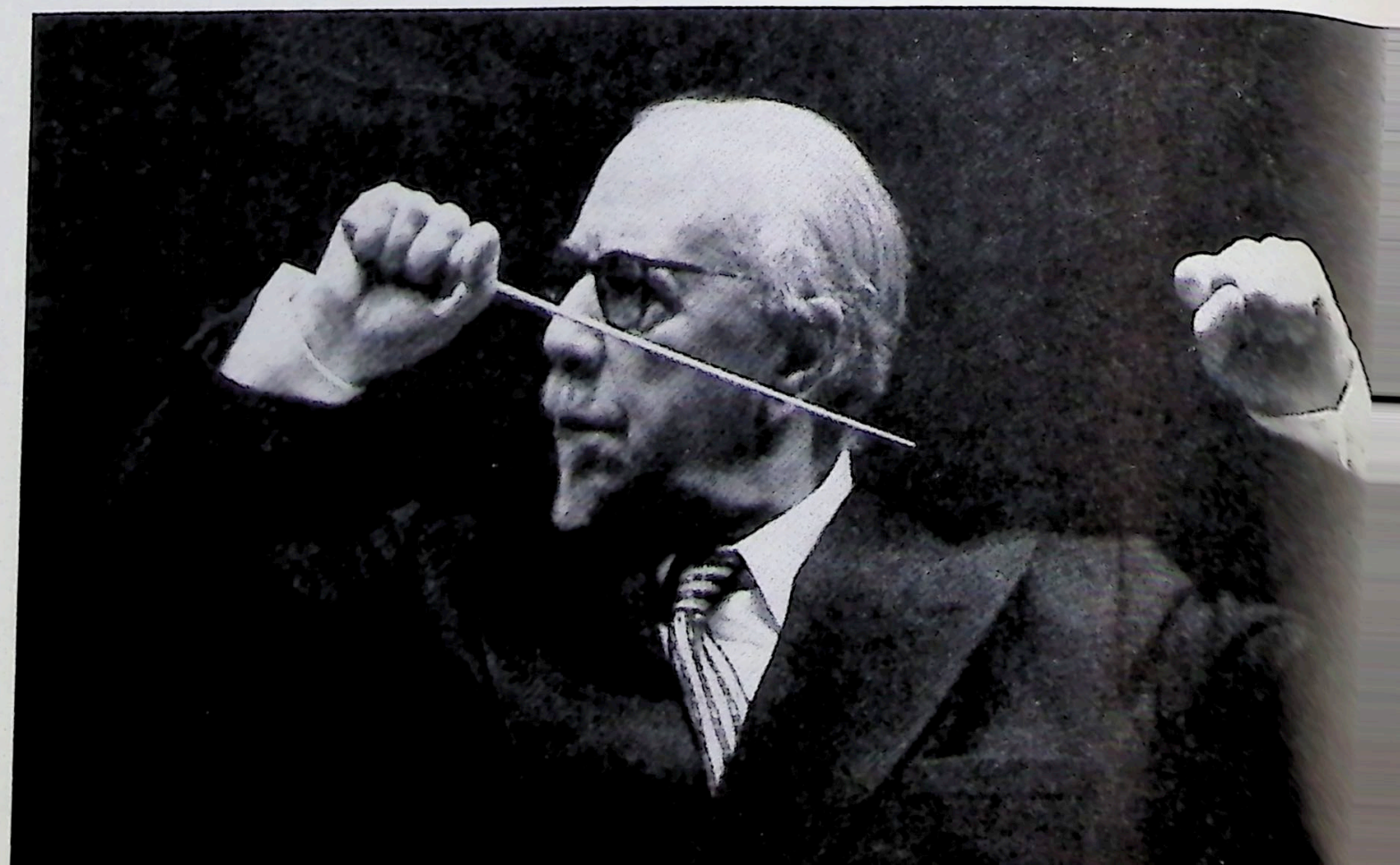
◀ VLADIMIR GOLSCHMANN, for the past quarter of a century *faith mentor* of the St Louis Symphony Orchestra, strongly approves the execution of a difficult passage, while *pulling* still fuller tonal quality from the tuba and basses.

WALTER HENDL gives a command cue to the percussion (or "kitchen") section of the Dallas Symphony Orchestra, ordering *"In a tutti!"* or "All together, please!" at a culminating moment.



IZLER SOLOMON ▶ energetic and powerful young American conductor of the Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra, dramatically indicates *"Mute it and hold!"* during a rehearsal session.

Fiery British conductor ▶ SIR THOMAS BEECHAM, known for his biting wit, sarcasm and brilliant musical interpretation, vehemently "attacks" at a recent Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra performance.



ARTURO TOSCANINI (1867-1957), most celebrated conductor of our time

Embodiment of the grandeur of music itself, Toscanini's life *was* the history of the music of his epoch. Propelled suddenly from cellist to conductor while in Rio de Janeiro, when the local director resigned under hisses, Toscanini, not yet 20, stepped up to the podium, seized the baton and began . . . *without opening the score.* It was Verdi's *Aida.*

This fabulous memory was to permit him to conduct symphonies and operas in like manner for nearly three-quarters of a century. One of the most faithful interpreters of classical masters, he *premièred* many operas, among which were Leoncavallo's *Pagliacci* (Milan, 1892), Wagner's *Götterdämmerung* and Puccini's *La Bohême* (Turin, 1895-6). Other works graced by his baton at their first performance include Wagner's *Tristan and Isolde,* Tchaikovsky's *Eugene Onegin,* Strauss's *Salomé,* Debussy's *Pelléas and Mélisande* and, in 1910 in New York, *The Girl from the Golden West.*

Although sketchily partial, such a list does more to exemplify the tremendous scope of his genius than would a torrent of rhapsodic adjectives. From then on his prodigious and varied activities raised to new pinnacles many an organization, including the New York Philharmonic Symphony.

His monumental fame rests on many factors: his intense interpretation of Italian and Wagnerian music, his incisive understanding of what a composer had intended, his relentless drilling of the orchestra. The "Taskmaster," he *was* always *striving:* balancing meticulousness and delicacy with speed, drive and terrific power. He was called an "enlightened despot," but his despotism was but the medium through which the ideals of his artistry, reaching far beyond any selfish purpose, strove to establish their meaning, while light flooded his art.

His strict demands, his outbursts of temperament, his frank challenge and hatred of anything defiling the rights and dignity of mankind, are all represented in the musical efforts, trials and victories of that fascinating era that spans Verdi, Wagner, Toscanini and television.

DIMINUENDO . . . !

SOSTENUTO . . . !
(Sustain . . !)

He usually electrified his musicians with vigorous demands for a *furious fortissimo!*

GENTLE TITAN

The Story of Charles Darwin

by Donald Culross Peattie

CHARLES DARWIN *at approximately the time he sailed (1831)*

On the 16th of August, 1835, H.M.S. *Beagle* dropped anchor among the Enchanted Isles. A delicate-looking young man of 26, Charles Darwin, came ashore, stepping gingerly upon the razoredged lava that cut his shoes at once to their uppers.

But perhaps any land looked better to Darwin than did the open water, for it is a prime handicap with a naturalist, on a world voyage in a sailing ship, to be as subject to seasickness as he. It was a painful surprise to him, this malady, but his very presence on the *Beagle* was astonishing. There were half a hundred young men better trained than he for his berth. The education befitting a young Victorian gentleman, as taught at Dr. Samuel Butler's school in Shrewsbury, consisted in Greek, Latin and the principles of religion and fitted him for Christ's College, Cambridge. From those Gothic halls and green lawns one might emerge a gentleman or a doctor – but scarcely a naturalist.

Darwin knew practically no chemistry, physics, essentials of zoological anatomy or physiology of plants, and he seems never to have gained facility with the compound miscroscope. His scientific background consisted in a little conversation with the Lamarckian Dr. Grant of Edinburgh, the passé and rather thick-headed geologist Sedgwick (a man who missed the evidences of glaciation under his nose) and Henslow, the Cambridge botanist. Add to this, if you like, the facts that Darwin's father was a physician, and his grandfather, Erasmus Darwin, a physician, philosopher and poet, who came out of early Romanticism trailing intimations of a sort of metamorphic evolution.

As a child, Darwin was an enthusiastic collector of minerals and beetles and a lover of flowers. He later rated his collecting, which persisted and grew through his college life, as little more than amateurish. But I think rather better of it than that. Like the best of amateurs, he was really absorbed by the variety of species, their differences and resemblances. It was the beginning of his groping for an answer to life's multiplicity. He came at his concept of evolution from the standpoint of systematics. This is the strength and weakness of his case.

Darwin wavered regarding his profession. First, he would be a doctor – and went to Edinburgh in search of a degree. But his anticipation of a considerable inheritance made the long road of the medical student look unnecessarily dreary. The instruction was boresome, and though he associated at this time with scientific men and heard Audubon speak in Edinburgh, he was, temperamentally, not drawn to the Yankee-Frenchman, or attracted to the Scholasticism of formal Scottish scientific society. He finally fled the medical theater altogether because his heart had failed him at the shrieks of a child bound to the operating table in the days before anesthetics. [In 1827, he enrolled at Cambridge, where he spent three years as a student of theology, but the idea of the ministry as a profession lost its allure for him.]

The greatest scientific influence of his young days was undoubtedly Lyell's book on the principles of geology. Philosophically it prepared Darwin for the theory that bears his name, by expounding the chronology of geological time, and practically it served him as a manual on all his travels. Indeed, geology was the one subject in which Darwin was thoroughly founded. Reading Humboldt's *Travels* had fired him with a desire to add a great page to science.

One autumn day he returned from pheasant-shooting in Wales to find a letter from Professor Henslow which stated that Captain Fitz-Roy of the *Beagle*, about to start upon a hydrographic and geodetic survey of the world, had offered to share his cabin with any young naturalist who would consent to come without pay. I suppose that the fates in their infinite prevision and wisdom had arranged for the elimination of every other conceivable candidate.

Though a short-tempered, unreasonable martinet and tartar on

the quarterdeck, Fitz-Roy was an excellent marine surveyor and expert meteorologist, and the idea of including a naturalist on the voyage was his own. He poured his personal money into the expedition and was never reimbursed by the government.

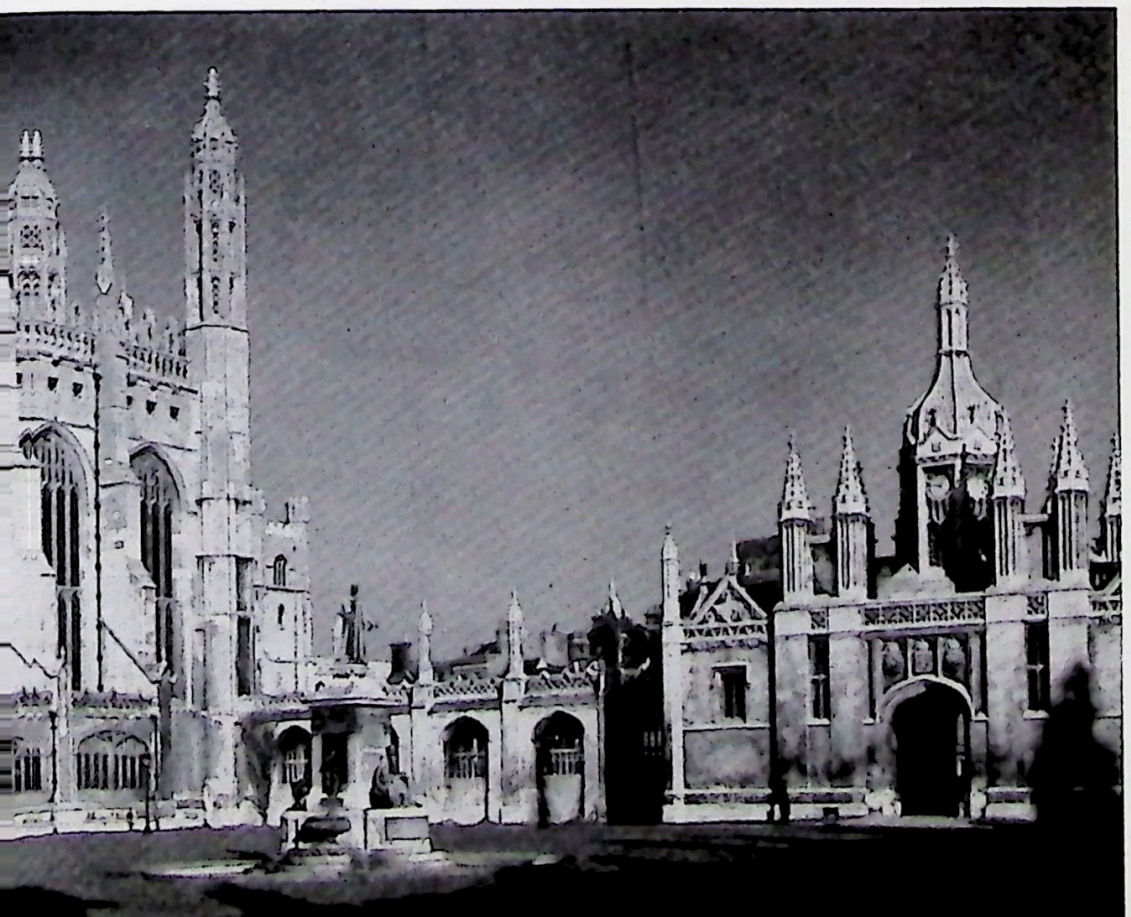
Even in the harbor (where they lay for weeks) Darwin was seasick. And when at last, in black December weather, they put out to sea, the poor fellow began his five years of constant suffering, for the *Beagle*, at best no more than a bobbing cork by modern standards, was probably a wretched ship even for its day. There is little doubt that five continuous years of nausea and a disarranged system wrecked Darwin's health and made him the rest of his life a nervous and physical invalid. The food was wretched, the cabin, cramped. He had not as much space for his specimens, books and instruments as a woman would need for her clothes on a luxury liner. And the life of a ship was undoubtedly distasteful to him. The voyage began with the swinging of the cat-o'-nine-tails, and with men in irons, and probably never rose high above the 18th century level of sea life made famous in the voyage of the *Bounty*. In this harsh life, Darwin, of course, passed as a privileged character, but he was sensitive, beauty-loving, scholarly. Aboard, his nickname was "Philosopher."

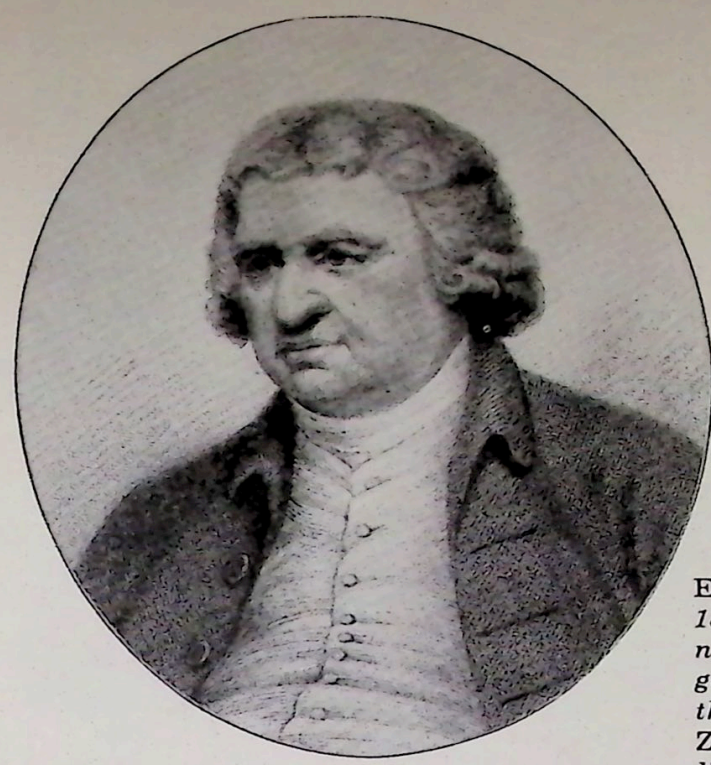
And deep were the thoughts he pondered as the *Beagle* sailed her leisurely five years around the world. More than the Galápagos did Darwin see: coral atolls, volcanic isles of the South Seas, last, lost bird-rocks of the Antarctic waters and even much of South America, afloat and afoot. [He visited Tenerife, the Cape Verde Islands, Brazil, Argentina, Uruguay, Tierra del Fuego, Chile, Tahiti, New Zealand, Tasmania and the Keeling Islands.]

Better scientific expeditions there have certainly been, better equipped, more thorough, richer in collections. But the *Beagle* voyage outweighs any 10 of them. Yet the *Times* sent no reporters down to interview Darwin when he sailed away. Destiny is seldom recognized until it has changed its name to history.

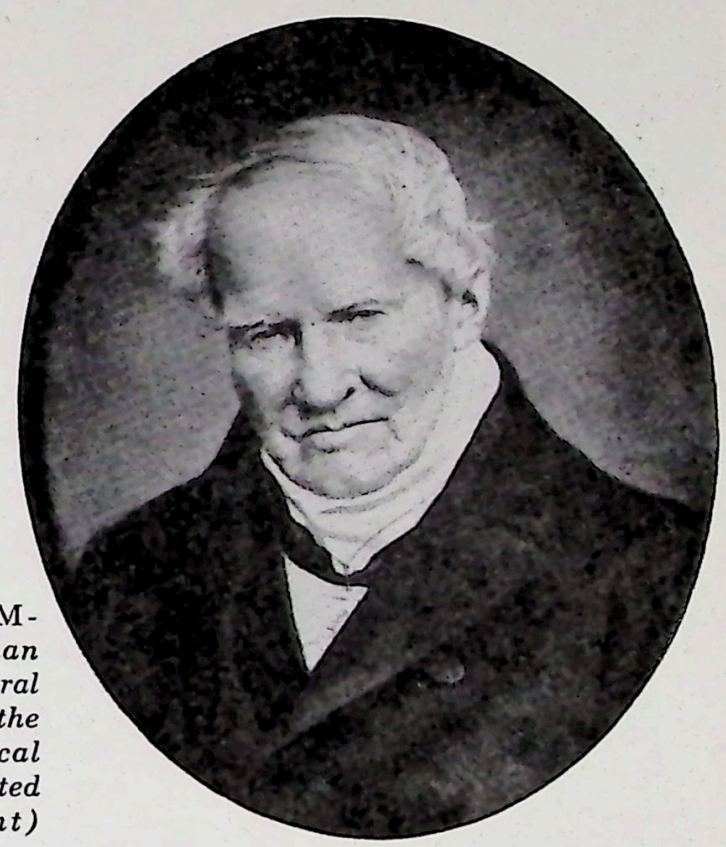
By the time Darwin returned to England, after five years of voyaging, his specimens and letters had already made him famous. He had entree now to all of scientific Britain. The great anatomist Richard Owen was his friend at once and glad to serve him with identifications of his collections. Young Joseph Dalton Hooker, a botanist, was his intimate. Lyell the geologist was eager to cultivate him. Robert Brown, the gentle, soft-spoken Linnaeus of Australia, allowed him to peer through a microscope at a cell. When Darwin asked the name of the curious circulating current he saw, Brown smiled and characteristically murmured, "That's my little secret." It was the "Brownian movement," the spontaneous streaming of protoplasm, as disturbing for human eyes to see as the procession of the suns of space across a telescopic field – and fraught, as much, with human destiny.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE, ENGLAND, *founded in the 12th century, consists of 21 colleges.*



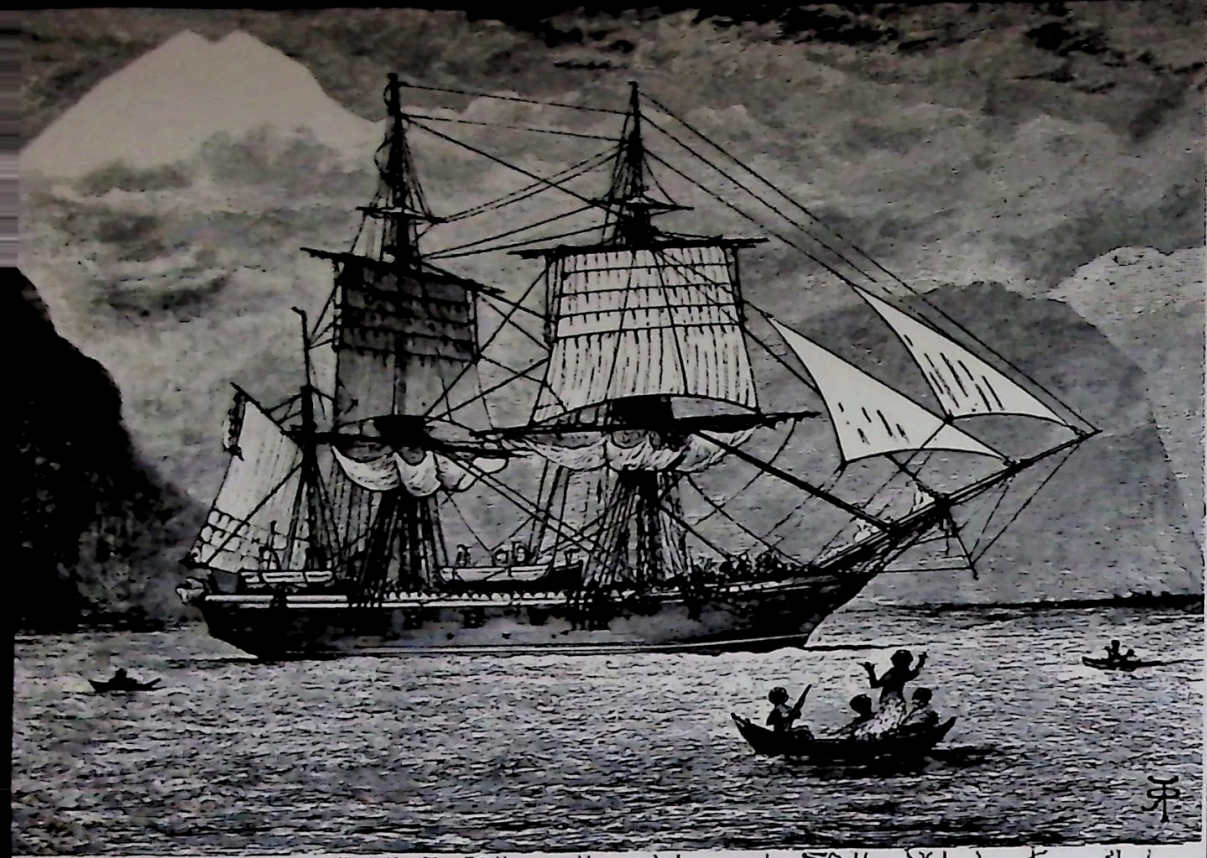


ERASMUS DARWIN *(1731-1802), physician, poet and botanist. He was Charles Darwin's grandfather. Eminent member of the literary set of his day, his* Zoonomia, *dealing with organic life, anticipated by several years later evolutionary theories.*

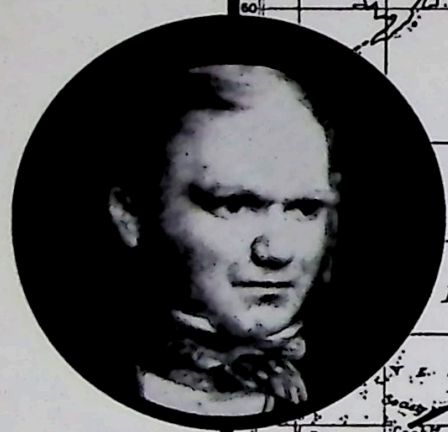


ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT *(1762-1859), German scientist, explorer and natural philosopher. He originated the modern science of physical geography (geography connected with human development) in his great work* Cosmos.

There were dinner parties and important meetings to dazzle the young man. He met the great historians of the age, Buckle, Macaulay, Carlyle, Grote and Motley. Humboldt, visiting, asked especially to meet the naturalist of the *Beagle*. But Darwin was a shade disappointed in the titan: After all, he was only a paunchy little German. But all this time, in Darwin's mind, was the perplexing problem of the Galápagos species. Every one seemed similar to some of those of the American mainland, but not identical, and all the islands had fauna and flora of their own. Long before this, Lamarck had pointed out that it is hardly conceivable that God created a special set of species for various islands. The animals and the plants on the Galápagos, Darwin saw, could have come only from America, and that by wind and current, or, as seems more likely today, along a land bridge that is now sunk below the surface of the waves. But in any event, they had changed, once they reached the islands. And, enisled, marooned there through a stagnant eon of time, their several differences had all been exaggerated: Each race on each island, under enforced

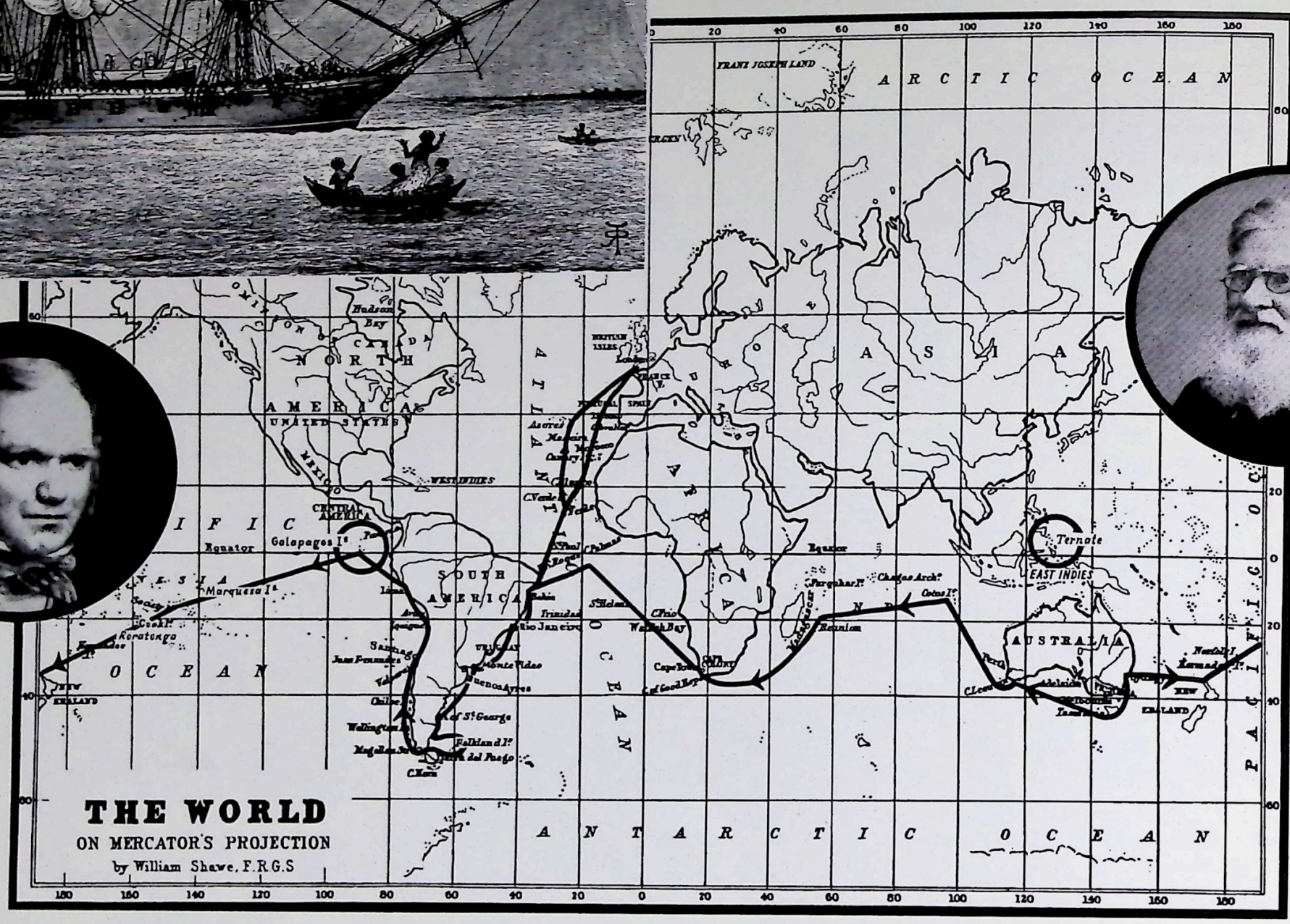


H.M.S. BEAGLE, *at anchor among the volcanic Galápagos Islands, during the last year and a half of its five-year expedition. It was while cramped in this small 235-ton vessel that Darwin collected his observations from which, 20 years after his return to England, he finally formulated his theories regarding organic evolution. During this time another English naturalist,* Alfred Russell Wallace, *was working out his own statement of evolution in the East Indies. A most unusual event took place. Simultaneously, yet unknown to each other, the two developed identical theories.*



DARWIN

WALLACE



A MOST UNUSUAL EVENT:
From the West: *the Darwinian concept* . . . From the East: *the Wallace Line* . . .

(The drawing of the famous biologist was made about 10 years before he published The Origin of Species, *while Wallace is shown some 45 years after.)*

inbreeding, had intensified its eccentricities. Cut off from all but the rarest of conceivable fresh incursions of the great mainland life forms, these island creatures were never swamped by the norm, as any passing variations would have been on the continent. They were insulated, protected in a group of glass cases, as it were, alive in a museum world that never before had echoed to the footsteps of a naturalist. In the *Journal of H.M.S. "Beagle"* the world first read of Darwin's doubts of the timeless fixity of species. Did it hear the footfalls of his approach to a great new truth?

"The natural history of these islands is eminently curious and well deserves attention. Most of the organic productions are aboriginal creations, found nowhere else. . . .

"By far the most remarkable feature in the natural history of this archipelago . . . is that the different islands to a considerable extent are inhabited by a different set of beings. . . . I never dreamed that islands, about 50 or 60 miles apart, and most of them in sight of one another, formed of precisely the same rocks, placed under a similar climate, rising to a nearly equal height, would have been differently tenanted. . . .

"Seeing this gradation and diversity of structure in one small, intimately related group of birds, one might really fancy that, from an original paucity of birds in this archipelago, one species had been taken and modified for different ends. . . ."

Yes, he has almost seized it. It is almost within his hand. But still he pondered, puttered, read and remembered things he had read. He recalled Thomas Malthus's essay on population, the struggle for existence and survival of the fittest that Malthus saw in the striving of crowded mankind upon this finite mud-ball of a planet. He recalled his grandfather Erasmus's natural philosophy, his poetic but prophetic hints of evolution.

And he bought a small, cheap notebook (his habits were all very economical) and began to record in it his first groping thoughts and to take notes on every evidence he could find for his mushrooming ideas. In this style he continued quietly in leisure hours (for he was at work on several forms of the report on the *Beagle* voyage, as well as on a theory of coral atolls and a tediously long monograph on barnacles), and page by page the little yellow notebook was filled.

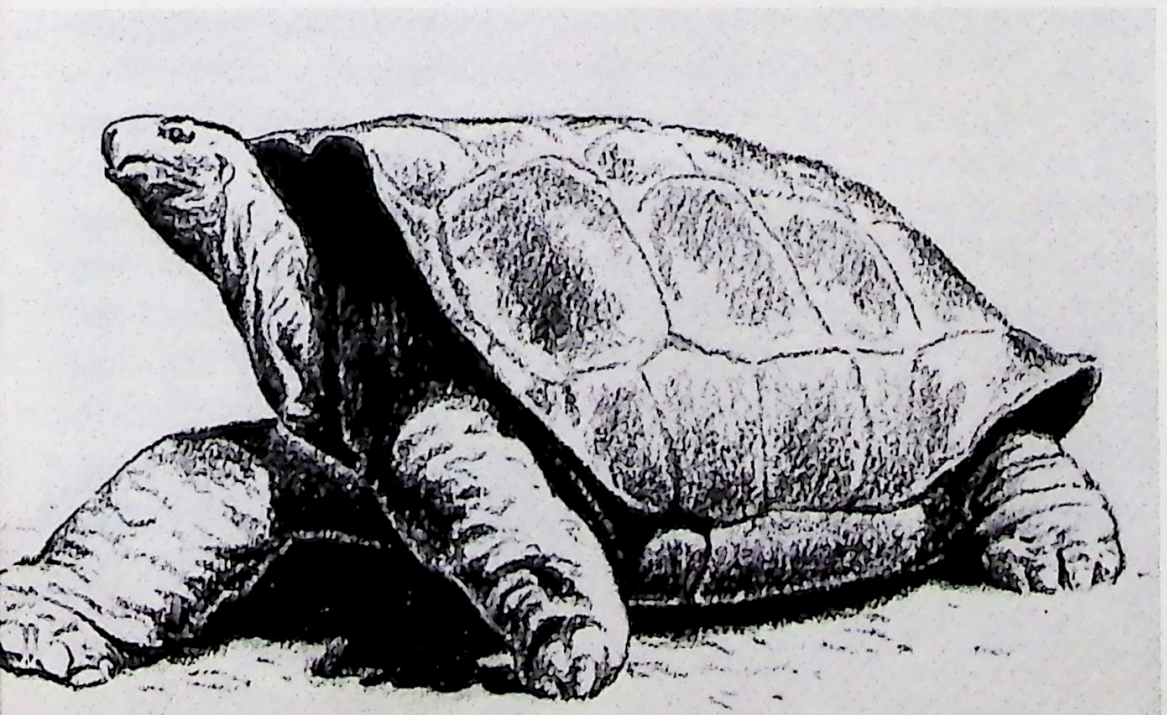
All this time he made a confidant of no one but young Hooker and Lyell. He was in no hurry, certainly, to risk his theory to the sharp-fanged criticism of his veteran elder brothers in science. And he had no itch for print and certainly no wish for publicity. For 20 years he kept his plans all strictly underneath his hat. He always wanted more evidence, more and more. He might have died with his secret, leaving only an unintelligible notebook behind him. But destiny was preparing at last to force his patient hand.

Meanwhile, in 1857, on East Indian Ternate Island, Alfred Russel Wallace was collecting specimens. Wallace was a professional collector. He had no expectation of his dinner unless he could sell his specimens. This obliged him to go after the rare, to get off the beaten track, to stay months or years in a fruitful region, however savage. By the time he reached Ternate, his mind, I think, was the best stocked in all the field of natural history. He had observed, and he remembered, thousands of details about the animals he had seen, the rhythm of their lives through seasons, through metamorphosis, rut and birth. He knew more than Humboldt about distribution, ecology, interrelations, symbiosis, animal socialisms, multiple parasitisms, the pyramid of swarming tropical life. For years he had endured a mounting sense of problem, and now the great wave of it had broken upon him. Lying on his tropical bed in the hot night, he was drawn, upon a strong current of facts, hints, premonitions, certainties, toward some immense ultimate solution of the vast multiplicity of Nature.

His mind ran on all he had read on the great subject – a shelf almost identical with Darwin's: Humboldt, Darwin's own "*Beagle*" *Journal*, Chamber's *Vestiges of Creation*, Lyell's principles of geology. There was that paper he had published, a mere groping that culminated in nothing satisfactory, but there had come a letter from Charles Darwin, praising it, hinting that he too was searching, feeling out some darkling path. Wallace remembered Bates's theory of the development of protective coloration. He pondered Malthus's studies in population – the struggle between classes of men, between individuals, the sense of crowding, of gradual emergence of some dominant force.

And then he had it! The light of revelation poured into his head, overwhelmed him with its beauty. Natural selection proclaimed itself, the great organic law by which life, always at heart the same thing, always plastic, is molded, warped, modeled, set, made multiplex, broken, discarded, refashioned, perpetually changed, inconceivably varied. . . .

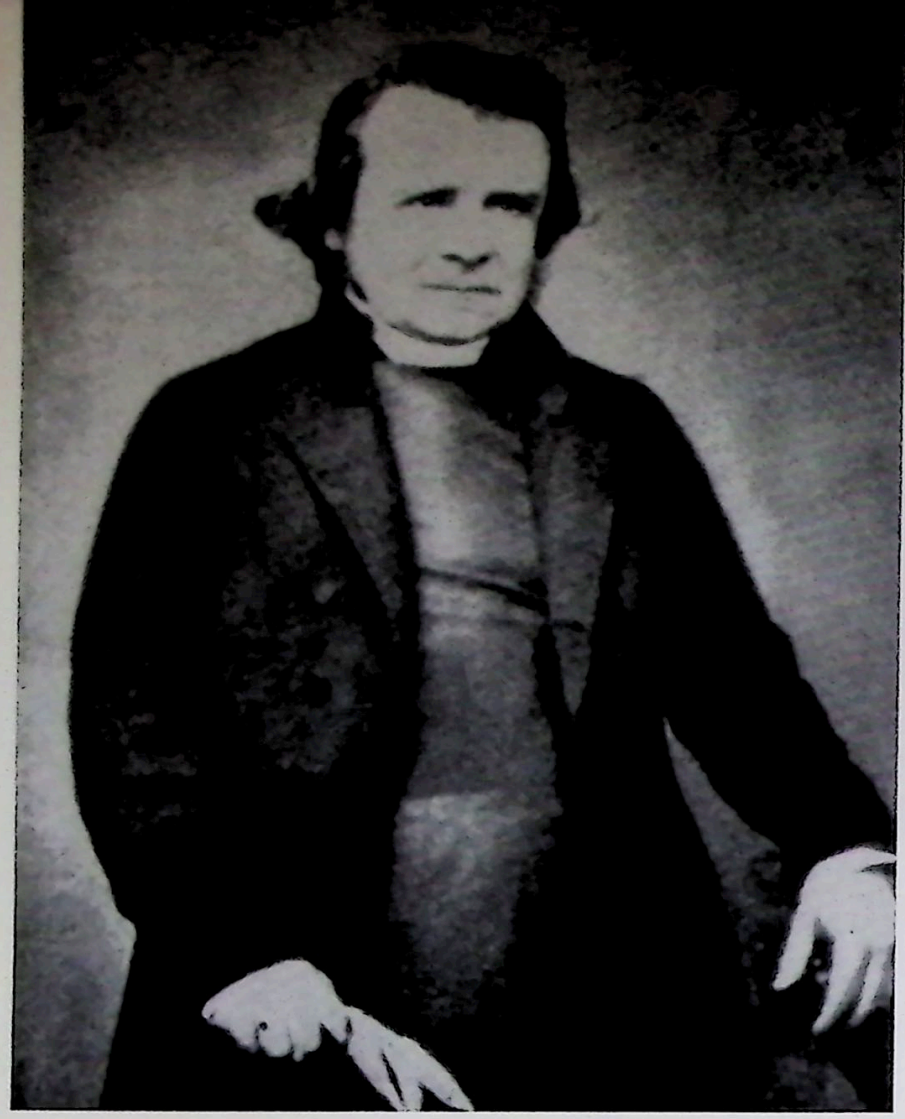
He sat down to write in measured words the sense of the great vision that had come to him: "There is no limit of variability to a species, as formerly supposed. . . . The life of wild animals is a struggle for existence. . . . The abundance or rarity of a species is dependent upon its more or less perfect adaptation to the conditions of existence. . . . Useful variations will tend to increase – useless or hurtful variations, to diminish. . . . Superior varieties will ultimately extirpate the original species. . . . There is a tendency



Top: *Web-footed, the* tropic bird *power-dives into the water for its prey. On land, unable to stand, it shuffles along on its breast. Pure-white or pinkish, with striking black stripes, it is red- or yellow-billed, and has vastly extended willowy white or red tail feathers.*

Center: *Like some prehistoric monster, the five-foot* marine iguana *basks on the bleak coastal rocks. Somber-colored, with mighty jaws, a crenulate spinal ridge and a thrashing tail, it feeds on seaweed.*

Bottom: *Decimated by man for their food and oil, the* giant turtles (galápagos *in Spanish, and for which the islands were named) are now rare. Once numbered in the millions, only a few of the species remain. Weighing upwards of 500 pounds, with elephantlike paws and a shell length of over six feet, the* galápago *is the Methuselah of the animal world, with a life period of about 200 years.*

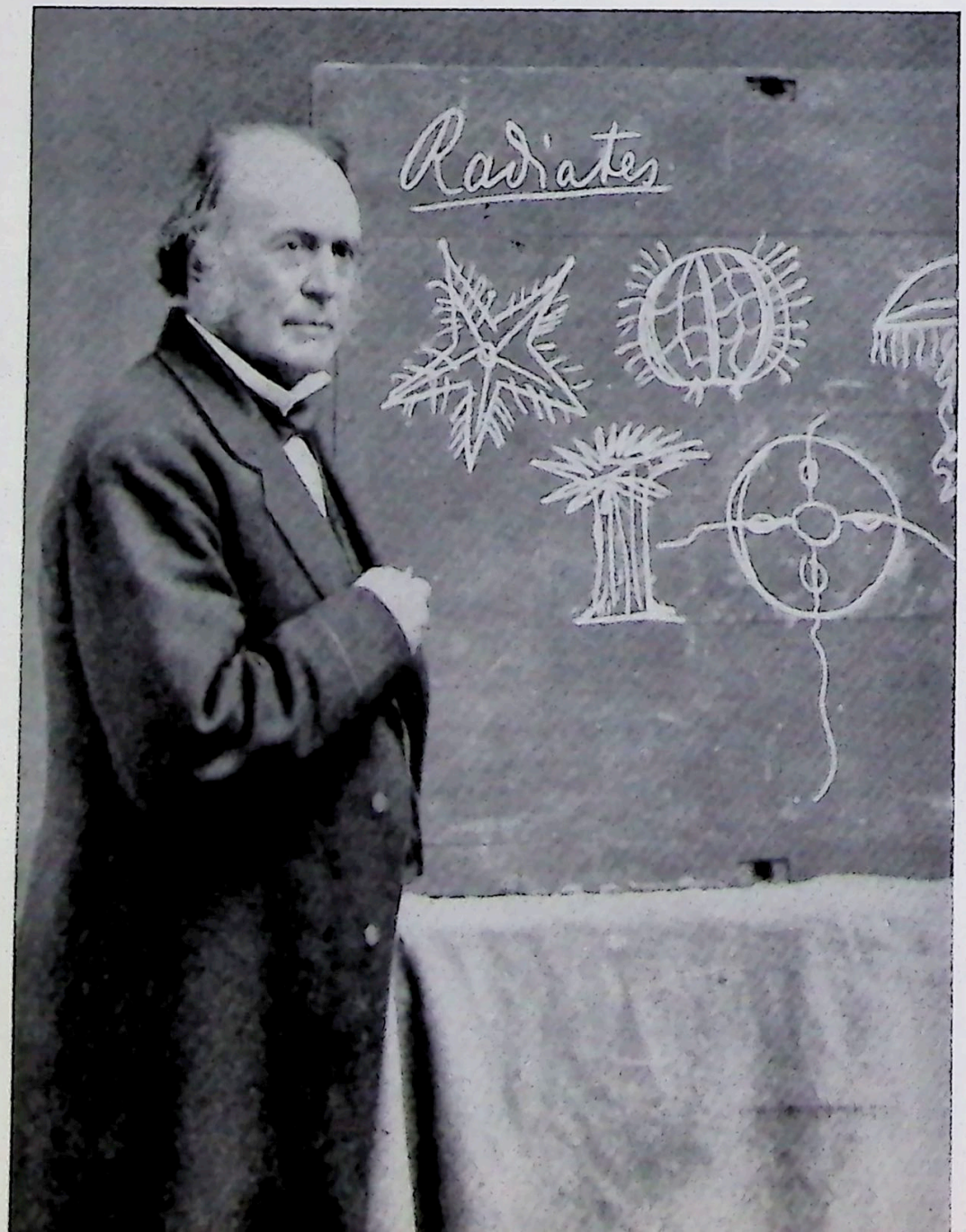


SAMUEL WILBERFORCE, *Bishop of Oxford, Member of the House of Lords (1805-1873)*

DARWIN'S ATTACKERS

Among them were: Bishop Wilberforce *and* Louis Agassiz. *Sometimes referred to as "Soapy Sam" by his derogators,* Wilberforce, *possessed of great oratorical powers and administrative abilities, considerably improved the organization of his diocese and spearheaded the anti-Darwin debate. From across the Atlantic, at Harvard University, came the voice of* Agassiz, *who held that "new species could arise only through the intervention of God." Inspiring teacher, famous for his "Essay on Classification" and for his exposition of glacial movement and deposit,* Louis Agassiz *founded the Museum of Natural History later to bear his name.*

LOUIS AGASSIZ, *Swiss-American zoologist and geologist and Harvard professor (1807-1873)*



in nature to . . . progression, by minute steps, in various directions, but always checked and balanced by the necessary conditions . . . which . . . may, it is believed, be followed out so as to agree with all the phenomena presented by organized beings, their extinction and succession in past ages and all the extraordinary modifications of form, instincts and habits which they exhibit."

When he had finished, he enclosed his many pages of writing in a letter. Presently, in the fullness of lost Equatorial time, a Dutch boat called at Ternate and took the letter away on its journey of many months, toward England, to Charles Darwin at Downe House in Kent.

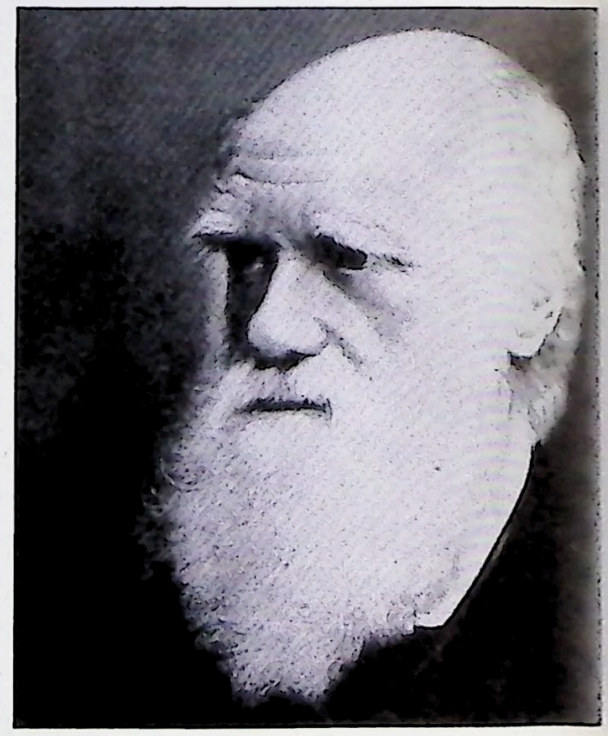
Darwin, with a sense of infinite leisure, went along perfecting his careful labors, nursing his delicate stomach, enjoying his family and coming to the final page of his little yellow notebook with the colossal idea in it.

"Wallace . . . has today sent me the enclosed," he wrote to Lyell. "...Your words have come true with a vengeance — that I should be forestalled. . . . I never saw a more striking coincidence. If Wallace had my MS sketch written out in 1842, he could not have made a better short abstract!"

With no more flourish than a butcher's bill, the letter from Ternate had arrived at Downe House. Darwin wrestled with his angel: "I should be extremely glad now to publish a sketch of my general views in about a dozen pages or so, but I cannot persuade myself that I could do so honorably. . . . I would far rather burn my whole book than that he or any other man should think I had behaved in a paltry spirit."

CHARLES DARWIN
(1809-1882)

" . . . Science has no finer page than his stand . . . "
" . . . No one strove more purely and honestly for his ends . . . "
He is seen here 20 years after he had established evolutionism in human consciousness.



This was penned in the midst of agonizing fear. All the children, and their nurse, were down with scarlet fever, the boy Charles desperately sick. The day after, the little life went out. The lives of the other three hung in the balance. When at last he knew they were safe, Darwin's relief softened his sorrow. And he found that Hooker and Lyell had taken his perplexities into their competent hands. On their own authority they undertook to present before the Linnaean Society, and to publish, the joint papers of Wallace and Darwin.

Science has no finer page than Darwin's stand, willing to seal his lips forever or to place his work at the disposal of Wallace, unless it be that opposite page, where Wallace for his part waived every claim and placed himself as a simple soldier under Darwin's banner. No efforts of detractors, to make it appear that Darwin took credit for something only partially his, have any foundation, nor has science for one moment forgotten to honor the independent

originality of Wallace and his splendid, self-sacrificing spirit. On July 1, 1858, the joint papers were presented. Their effect upon the Linnaean Society was electric. When the formal discussion broke up, and the spontaneous knots of talkers gathered about, men spoke with bated breath. For the moment, the old fogies among them were too taken by surprise for retaliation.

But in the year and a half that intervened between that meeting and the publication of the *Origin of Species*, the armies gathered. There was a sound as of the grinding of axes and the sharpening of swords, and that sound was heard, but only dimly understood, by the public. Still, the agencies of publicity were astir, so that *Origin* sold out its first edition of 1250 copies on the first day of sale.

Darwin had sent advance copies to a few friends and friendly enemies. His state at this time was one of exquisite apprehension — coupled with something like physical prostration. What would the scientific world say of his theory?

Huxley came forward with all the fire of championship. He startled the world with a review like a trumpet blast, calling on all men to say where they would stand, daring the most powerful to take him on. In America the botanist Gray, invincible in his suavity and piety, undermined his colleague Agassiz (they were both Harvard professors) before Agassiz' batteries ever really swung into action. Spencer and Henslow and Hooker marched up loyally. The Reverend Charles Kingsley, speaking as a minister and littérateur, proclaimed that evolution did not diminish the glory of God or the beauty of Creation, but enhanced them. Sir John Lubbock, a power in the financial strongholds of London, a philanthropist and courtier and scientist, went over to Darwin's camp with all his shining arms.

By this time the embattled prelates were thoroughly alarmed. They relied upon what they took to be the preponderance of British sentiment against any attempts upon traditional thought. Testy old gentlemen, curates and maiden ladies wrote hotly to the *Times* against Darwinism – "pantheism," "atheism," they called it.

The time seemed ripe for the church to strike, and so it drew the battle line at Oxford, in a debate between Bishop Wilberforce ("Soapy Sam" to his enemies) and Thomas Henry Huxley.

When excitement was well whipped up, arose Soapy Sam, equipped with all the loud- and soft-pedal effects known to the pulpit, skilled in dialectic evasion, exegesis, threats of hell-fire and appeals to innate prejudices. Turning to his opponent, he spoke with condescending gentleness: Was Professor Huxley descended from an ape on his grandfather's or on his grandmother's side?

While the audience cheered and stamped and rocked, and the ladies waved their handkerchiefs, Huxley leaned over to his neighbor. "The Lord hath delivered him into mine hands," he whispered.

If there were an ancestor, he began, rising suddenly tall and calm in an infectious certainty of power, an ancestor whom he should feel shame in recalling, it would be a man – and here he paused, they say, with telling effect – a man who plunged into scientific questions with which he had no real acquaintance and, by skilled appeals to religious prejudice, used his brilliant intellect to obscure the truth.

He went on, but for several moments no one heard what he said. For the cheering had burst out more wildly than before – and this time on the other side. The clerics themselves wavered, glanced at Soapy Sam, saw that he had disgraced the Church, and burst forth into applause for Huxley. By the time Huxley had done with them and Hooker arose, the opposition was pulp. Hooker could scarcely get on, for the cannonading of applause, and "the blackest coats and the whitest stocks of Oxford" were the first to congratulate the evolutionists.

All ahead promised further triumph. In lectures and articles Huxley slew foes right and left. Gray carried America. Haeckel

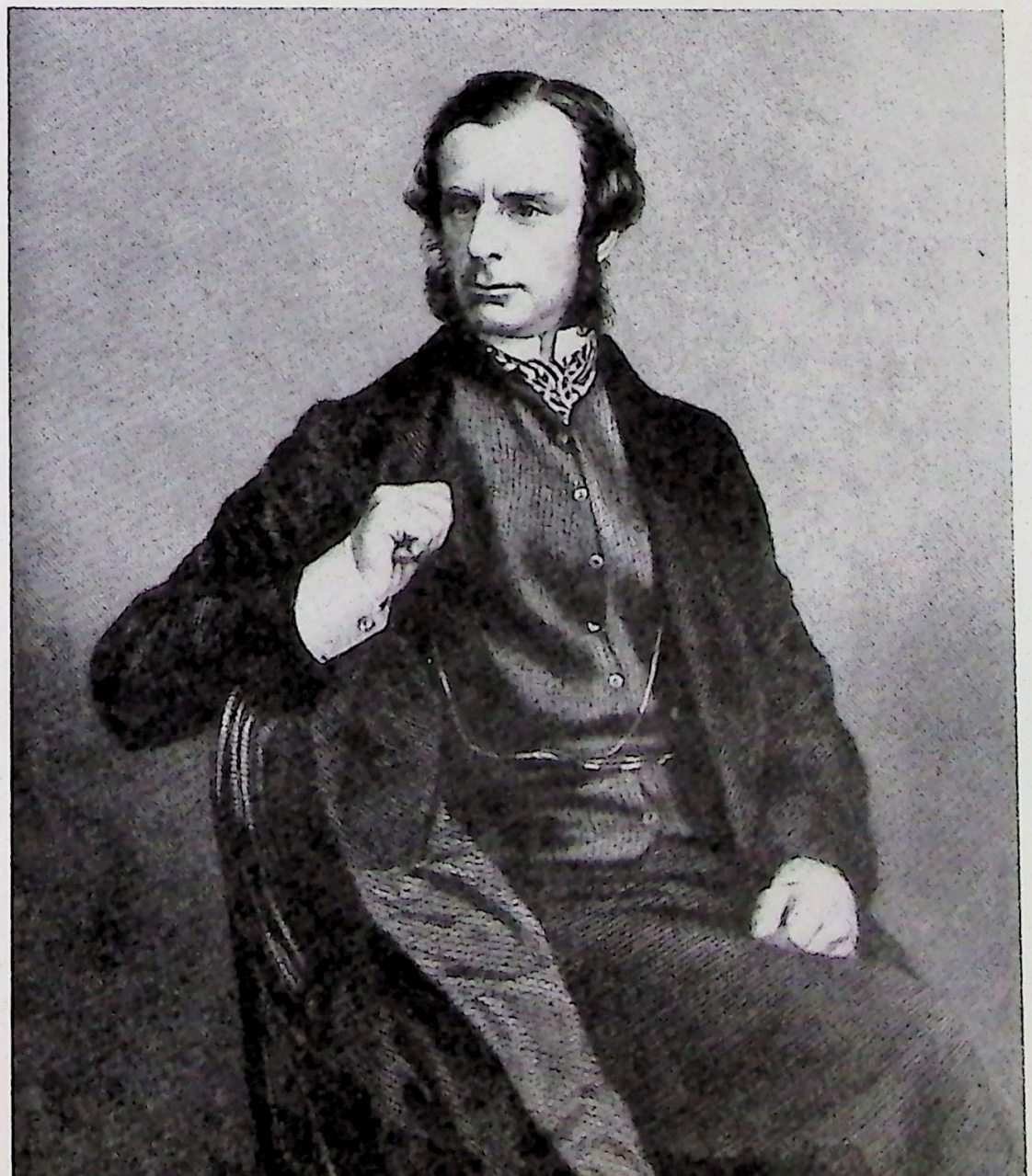
THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY, *English naturalist and biologist (1825-1895)*

HIS DEFENDERS

Among them were: Thomas Henry Huxley, Asa Gray *and* Charles Kingsley. *Stanch and fiery champion of his friend's theories,* Huxley, *popular and scientific lecturer, eventually gave way to civic duty, served on 10 royal commissions and was elected president of the Royal Society.* The Manual of Botany *by* Gray *is still recognized today as a leading authority on the plant life of America. Colleague of* Agassiz *at Harvard,* Gray *became curator of the New York Lyceum of Natural History.* Kingsley, *initiator of the Broad Church movement in England, was active in social reform, worked to improve labor conditions, blended his views into his novels, advocated Christian Socialism and was appointed canon of Westminster.*

ASA GRAY, *America's foremost 19th century botanist (1810-1888)*

CHARLES KINGSLEY, *English clergyman and novelist, chaplain to Queen Victoria (1819-1875)*



unexpectedly rose up in Germany and put the foes of evolution to rout. Weissman brought seemingly invincible alliance when his experimental biological evidence dealt Lamarckism a resounding blow. Clergymen discovered that evolution could be considered God's will and part of the Divine Plan for turning men ultimately into angels. British imperialism liked "the struggle for existence," since it was winning the struggle. Capitalistic imperialism could approve of "the survival of the fittest." Darwin's auxiliary explanations of evolution, such as sexual selection, the predominance of beauty, the suggestion that every organ and function in a living being serves, or has once served, some useful purpose to a designed end, were highly acceptable to 19th century sentiment.

And all the while Darwin conducted his life along lines sure to win over British opinion. He himself remained aloof from the battle, his life unimpeachably modest, virtuous and serious. He utterly confounded the moralists by upholding an unsmirched standard of Christian behavior. Where his enemies looked for a snarling seducer and blasphemer, here was a kindly English gentleman known by his good works. No day went by that he did not receive floods of abusive letters. Instead of ignoring them, he replied in tones such as he would have used to intelligent beings. In time the cumulative effect of this patience triumphed. He remained personally invincible, and in the scientific world it could be said of him only that he neither exulted in publicity nor rested on his laurels. Unruffled, steadily, he worked at other books, flank attacks, he called them, upon the opposition.

It is interesting to query: What would be the difference if Alfred Russel Wallace, instead of Charles Darwin, stood for natural selection? The answer lies in the personality of Wallace. I do not deny his idealism, warmth, unselfishness and purity. But his final standing in science is deeply modified by his unscientific inclinations. He was a humanitarian before he was a scientist. His heart ruled his head – a virtue only in a Romanticist. For instance, he was completely satisfied by Robert Owen's Utopian brand of socialism. He tried his best to revive phrenology, accepted the possibility of long-range weather forecasting by means of grossly superstitious almanacs, thought that human ills would end when Henry George's single tax went into effect – and rated spiritualistic séances as unquestionable science.

Though there is not in the world today a reputable scientist who denies the fact of evolution, Darwin's natural selection has undergone from its beginning to the present moment the most searching fire of criticism by the peers of the founder of that faith. Men who personally esteemed and loved Darwin were not able to exempt his theory from the tribunal of their own reason and experiment.

In the laboratories of Germany, in the quiet studies of France, in America, where the science of genetics has reached its culmination, natural selection has been challenged. It is doubted that it accounts at all for the origin of anything new. Rather, in that marvelous profusion and individuality that we call life, natural selection acts only as an agent of destruction. It can discard: It may explain why forms have become extinct. But it seems impotent, charge its critics, to create anything at all. Others have doubted that natural selection actually operates, have denied that it can be proved by observation or experiment.

Darwin's aim was simply to describe evolution. His opponents complained he had not helped them to understand it. Darwin sought its mechanisms – they, its motives. To him it appeared that evolution supplied a chronicle made up of countless small incidents, as is daily living, but they abhorred incidents. They charged him with failing to discover behind development any great plan.

And whatever you think of natural selection, the fact remains with us that Darwin was the effective founder of evolutionism. He had many forerunners, but, whether because of the times or because of his power and personality, he was the first to establish it in the human consciousness. In the entire history of biology it is the most exciting and fruitful idea that has ever dawned upon the mind of man. It has infected the world with hope, with belief in the worth of effort. It has given us a sense of history such as we never enjoyed before.

For the concept of evolution has spread out far beyond biology. It has proved to be the magic key to history and government and education. Before its advent we literally did not know that we grow, that we change, that there has been progress. All our notions of man's destiny upon earth have been altered since we confessed evolution. The taste and the feel of life are different. It seems briefer, more fleeting, intensely sweeter and more vivid. How carelessly men once turned away from the sight of the earth. How they could spit upon life and look forward to the end of the world! Now we think of ourselves as descendants, heirs, children of Time – and characters in a great and noble planetary drama.

And this change in the very color of human thought was wrought in a generation, and – explain it away if you can – it was initiated by one man. If, one of these days, the remaining details of his theory go into the discard (and if necessary, science will junk them without sentiment), the reverberations of his essential abstract concept will echo from age to age. More primal, lasting, mental spadework was done at Downe House than in any other spot since Plato pulled his beard in the shadow of the Parthenon.

To gather material for his little treatise on the fertilization of orchids, Darwin used to climb slowly up into the sloping pasture beyond Downe House and stand there, quietly, patiently, quite happily, in the soft English sunlight, waiting for a bee to come to a flower and perform its progenitive rites. There in the orchis meadow Darwin pushed natural history to the very limits of its unaided powers, unaided, *i.e.*, by the microscope, the test tube, the spectroscope, the centrifuge. He saw all that it is possible to see with the naked eye, probed as deep as the bare hands will go.

He investigated the cross- and self-fertilization of plants, the different forms of flowers on plants of the same species and the power of movement in plants. There is nothing in any of these works that you and I could not have discovered upon the most casual weeds about us – had either been a Darwin.

The last work of his life, the child of his old loins, is one whose subject cannot be contemplated without a smile: It concerns the importance of earthworms. But the smile is one of affection for the old fellow, digging down 10 feet and more through banks and turfs, to see what the blind worm is up to. And what he discovered is that every inch of the earth's surface has passed, and will pass again, through the bodies of worms. He learned that worms bring up fresh soil from a depth of many feet and, perpetually at work, perpetually stir and turn over and aerate and renew the loam on which our lives depend. He even investigated the intelligence of worms, endlessly taking notes on the particular way in which they plug up their burrows with leaves.

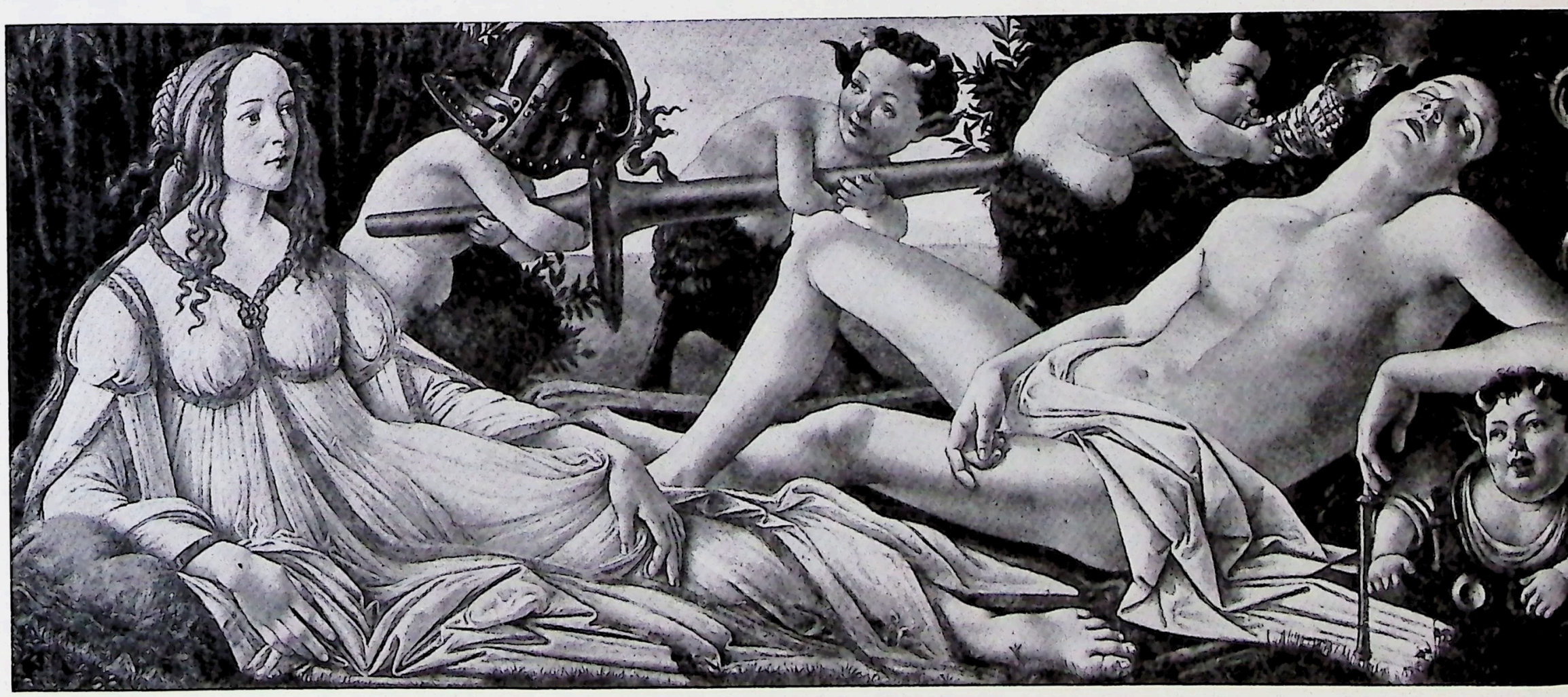
Amid these placid and profound works, sorrows came to Darwin. Three children died. There were disappointments and long spells of ill health. Fewer and fewer people saw him. When he actually attended a public gathering, a great hallful of scientists, at his appearance, rose like a sea before a mighty wind and applauded with the sound of thunder.

Before he died, on April 18, 1882, he had asked to be buried at Downe. But England claimed him. He was borne to a vault in Westminster Abbey. No one else within those walls so revolutionized human thought. No one strove more purely and honestly for his ends. He was the archetype of the naturalist, the best type of Homo sapiens in his ascent from the simians. ◆

SANDRO BOTTICELLI

[1444?-1510]

Florentine Painter of the Renaissance



MARS AND VENUS: LONDON • NATIONAL GALLERY

Lone traveler on his separate road of dreams, Alessandro di Mariano dei Filipepi, son of a tanner, derived the surname "Botticelli" from his eldest brother. Apprenticed as a youth to Fra Filippo Lippi – that jovial monk who painted his madonnas and saints in domestic dramas, with affection and a touch of poetry – Botticelli's early works reflect the graceful style of his master. Later he was to acquire his fine, nervous precision from Verrocchio and Antonio Pollaiuolo, painter-sculptor-goldsmiths, but his hunger for expressing beauty was never satisfied. Under the influence of the learned Florentine humanists who surrounded Lorenzo and Giulio de' Medici, he became the exquisite poet of pagan antiquity. Sensuous – yet transcending sensuality – his aesthetic art, in its search for spiritual grace, reaches towering heights of moral and mystical fervor, endowing his work with majestic dignity. Subjugating composition and coloring to an intensity of detail which might at times seem to weaken ensemble, the sensitive, tremulous line that *is* Botticelli, woven into eccentric rhythms, molded in loveliness and charity, transcends any deviations from the technique of the era. While a feminine delicacy pervades his feeling, the power of his imagination colors this delicacy with virility. Exponent of beauty, Botticelli was possessed of a deep neuroticism, based probably on his physical frailty and reflected only in the extreme poignancy of that beauty. His exalted concept of the world is manifested in his art by the exaggerated yet harmonious expressiveness of sensitivity and refinement which his name evokes – a concept idealized by a lofty symbolism and divine lightness which, until the tragic death of Savonarola, is evidenced in a fragility bordering occasionally on mannerism and a wistful elusiveness. Champion of the lost cause of that martyred Italian reformer whose preachings had opened the floodgates for the deep and religious feeling in his heart, Botticelli developed an almost morbid intensity. The suavity with which he had treated religious themes gives place more and more to an extreme emotionalism of line, color and composition.

His early *Adoration of the Kings* hangs in the National Gallery in London, while his *Chigi Madonna* can be seen at the Gardner Museum in Boston. Having established his reputation with the *Adoration of the Magi* (one at Florence in the Uffizi, the other in the Mellon Collection, Washington, D.C.), Botticelli became a favorite painter of the Medici with his famous *Spring* (Uffizi), which was followed by *Venus, Pallas and the Centaur, Mars and Venus* and his remarkable illustrations of the *Divine Comedy*, in silverpoint and pen, now gracing the Vatican Museum. His charming and slightly melancholy Madonnas, of which *The Magnificat* and *Madonna of the Pomegranate* are outstanding examples, increased his reputation still further, and in 1481 he decorated the Sistine Chapel with Biblical scenes which still stand today although badly discolored. Frescoes, executed for Lorenzo de' Medici, were unfortunately lost, while two done for the Villa Tornabuoni can be seen at the Louvre.

Reflecting the influence of Savonarola and the catastrophic period into which his country had entered, Botticelli, with unabated energy and an all-absorbing *raison d'être*, now paints his celebrated *Allegory of Calumny* (Uffizi Museum) and *Nativity* (National Gallery, London). This maturity of religious feeling was to color his works for the remainder of his life, and, although this period yielded little in quantity, it produced much in fervent pathos and emotion. Lofty interpreter of spiritual truths, he, by his attitude toward human life, was urged toward a moral reform of the Church, while his fearless individuality and independence found ardent adherents and detractors just as voluble. As is the case with most men of talent and greatness, his work received various far-fetched and incredible interpretations. No mere photographer of physical things, he transforms proportions into expressions of the soul, and his softened line becomes an object of contemplation rendered serene through its rhythm.

Whether mythical beings dance in flowering gardens, or a Lady of the Tornabuoni Family is receiving gifts from Four Allegorical Figures, the visual appeal is Beauty.

That Beauty *is*: Botticelli.

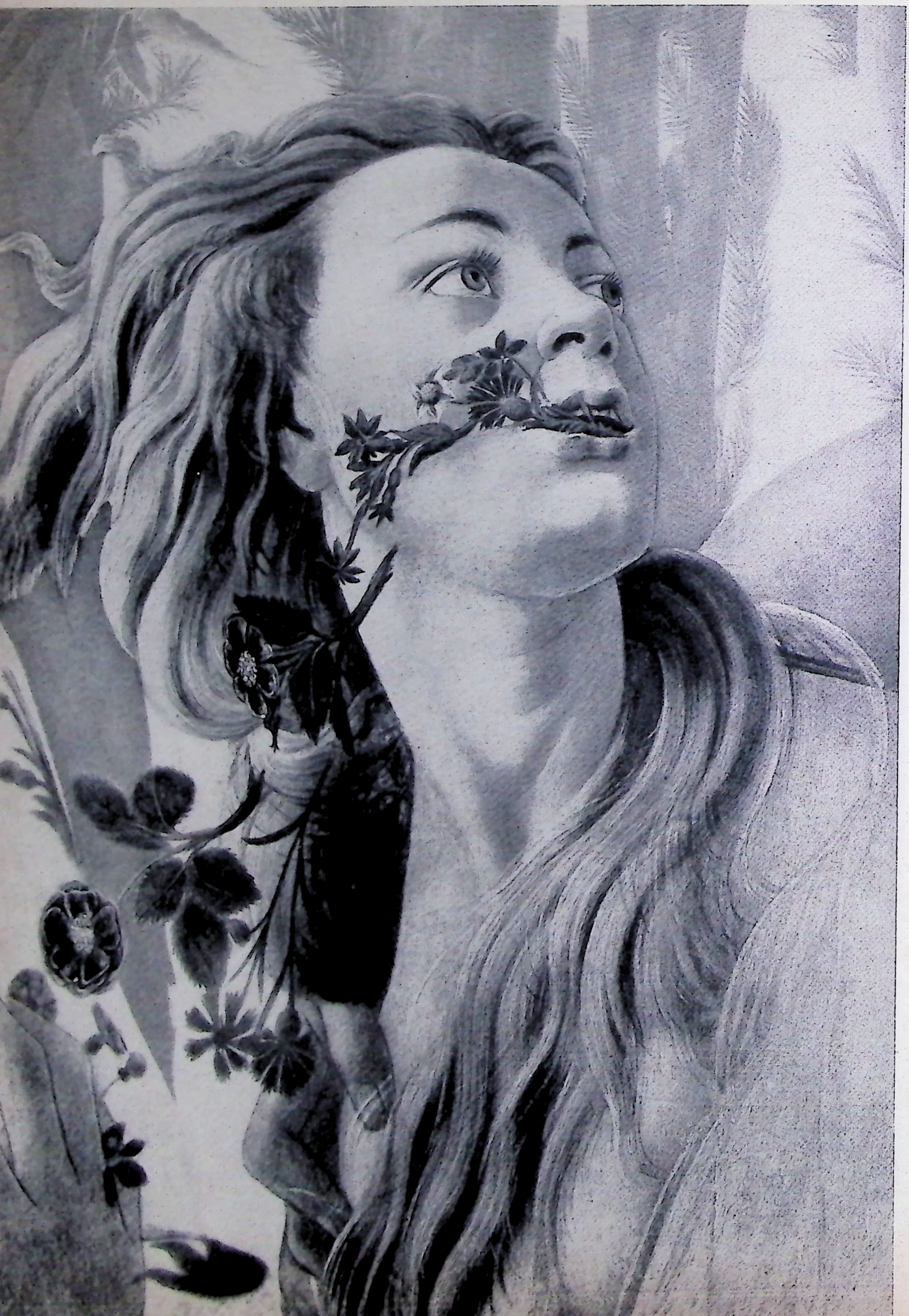
SELF-PORTRAIT: detail from the ADORATION OF THE MAGI

PRIMAVERA – *Allegory of Spring*

Inspired by a poem by Angelo Poliziano, Medicean court poet, the *Primavera* is a homage to Venus, mother of universal nature. Primavera, Goddess of Spring, offers her floral tribute, while a Cupid hovers over Venus, and the three Graces dance as Mercury keeps the clouds away, and the Wind God Zephyrus restrains an evading Flora. The Graces represent a conception unique in the whole of painting combining piety with paganism, their veils moving rhythmically, yet without active motion: a momentous embodiment of the timeless idea of the dance.

(Detail of the HEADS OF THE GRACES *at right)*

HEAD OF FLORA: detail from the PRIMAVERA



VENUS, PRIMAVERA, FLORA AND THE WIND GOD: detail

Detail from the *PURIFICATION OF THE LEPER:* FRESCO • VATICAN CITY • SISTINE CHAPEL

Botticelli achieved fame and fortune through his powerful and dramatic frescoes for the Sistine Chapel. Symbol of the cleansing of the soul by faith, the entire foreground of the *Temptation of Christ* is taken up by the *Purification of the Leper.* Thoughtfully composed, measured, the subject comes from Matthew VIII, 1-4, where Jesus, having healed the leper, says: "Go thy way, shew thyself to the priest and offer the gift that Moses commanded." In the detail above, the healed man, assisted by two friends, is waiting. Among those watching the ceremony are relatives and friends of Pope Sixtus IV, from whom the Sistine Chapel derives its name.

POPE JULIUS II AS CARDINAL: detail from the PURIFICATION OF THE LEPER

THE BIRTH OF VENUS

Mythical lore claims Portovenere as the place where Venus landed in Italy. It was also the birthplace of Simonetta Vespucci, selected by Giuliano de' Medici as the lady of his love. Thus, for Botticelli, Simonetta becomes Venus. Inspired once again by Poliziano's poem, which describes how Venus was wafted over the seas on a rose-colored shell by the Zephyrs, and how one of the Horae, personifying the recurrence of the seasons, was on the shore ready to drape her with an ornate cloak, it is perhaps Botticelli's best-known work. Painted about 1485, and now at the Uffizi in Florence, what it lacks in depth it acquires in lucidity. There is vigor in the spirited winds, a vigor which becomes a powerful frame for the lovely, quiet and slightly shy goddess.

Beginning with the detail of the Zephyrs on opposite page and continuing with the detail above of Venus and to the right, of the Hora, the complete painting is shown below. With the full power of his imaginative and sensitive vision, Botticelli captures his dreams of beauty in the charm of the "exquisite poetry of pagan antiquity."

THE BIRTH OF VENUS: ABOUT 1485 • FLORENCE • UFFIZI

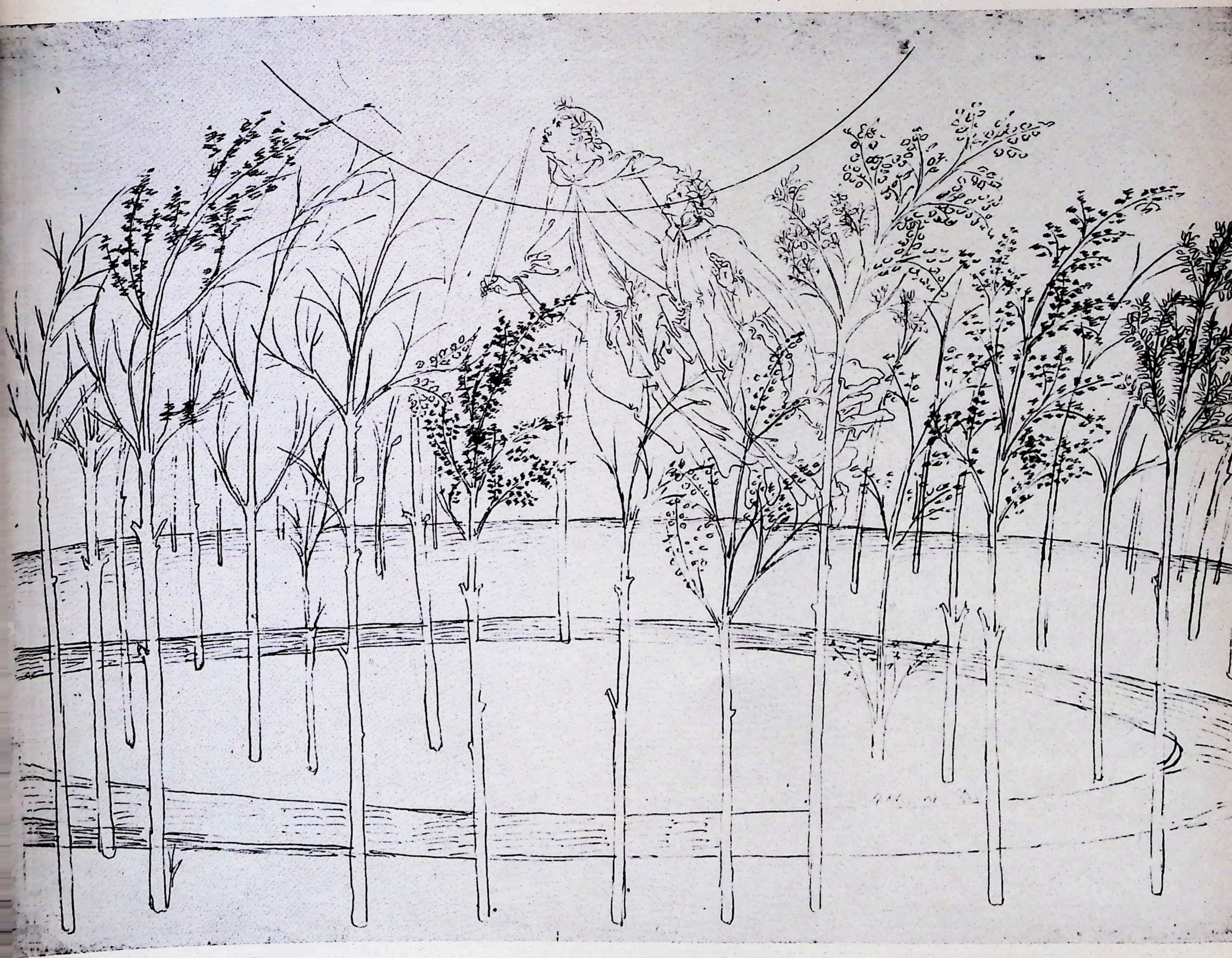
SAINTS CATHERINE, AMBROSE AND BARNABAS: detail from MADONNA ENTHRONED WITH SIX SAINTS

Detail from *THE YOUTH OF MOSES:* FRESCO • VATICAN CITY • SISTINE CHAPEL

MADONNA WITH SINGING ANGELS: BERLIN • DAHLEM ART MUSEUM

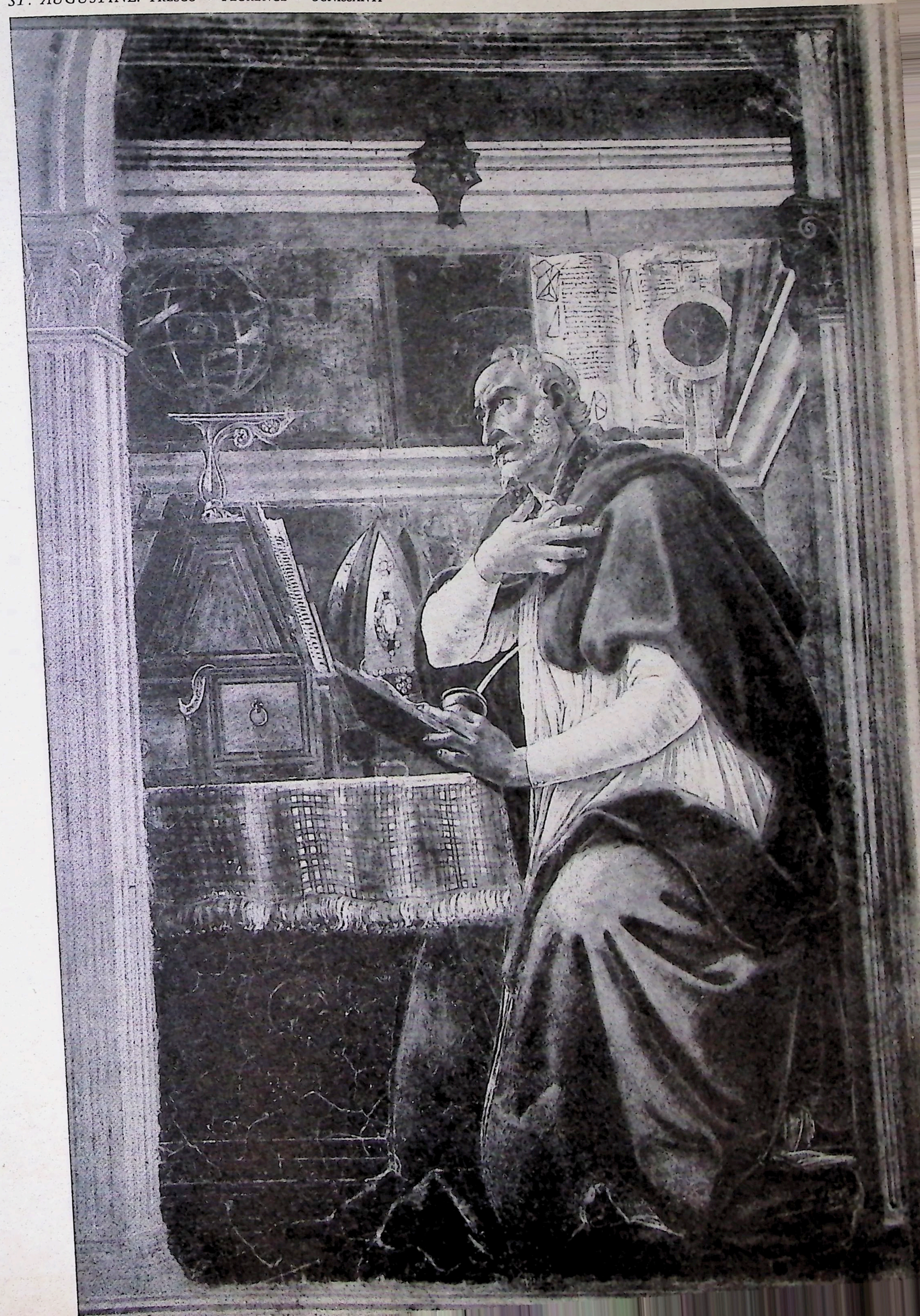
In his illustrations to Dante's *Divine Comedy*, Botticelli still further exemplified his individual vision and complete independence. With the intense sensitivity and touch of a poet, he molds spatial perspective to obey the inspired impulses of his imagination, reaching, to a supreme degree, lyricism and emotional expressiveness.

ILLUSTRATION TO DANTE'S *DIVINE COMEDY:* (PARADISE I)

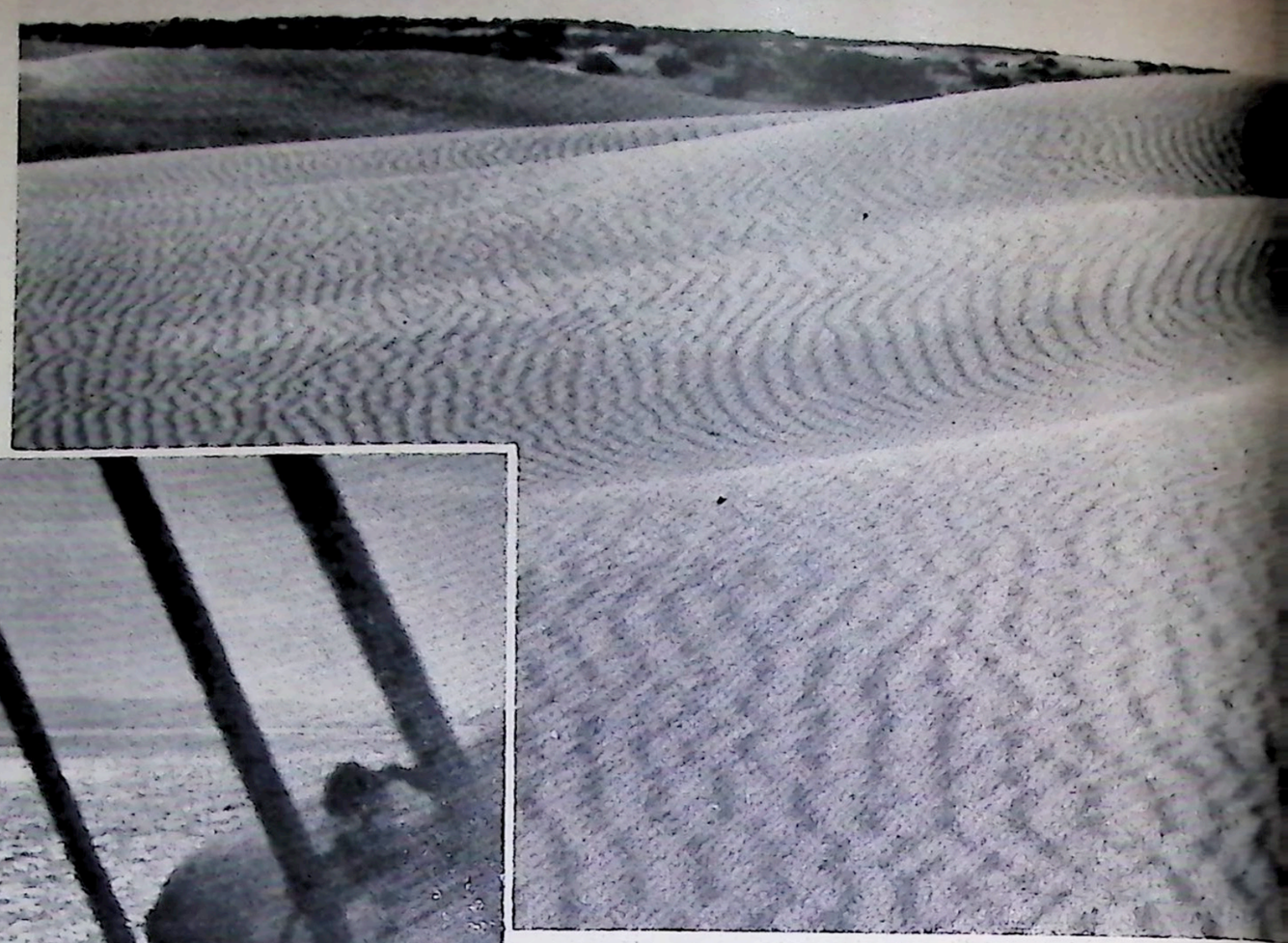


ANGELS: detail from CORONATION OF THE VIRGIN: FLORENCE • UFFIZI

ST. AUGUSTINE: FRESCO • FLORENCE • OGNISSANTI



A microcosm, a melting pot, a caldron of contradictions, the land of Israel has drawn men of all races since the beginnings of recorded history. Some of these men have come to conquer, some to pray. In our century, men have fled there to live in freedom and safety, to build, out of the ancient, joyless desert, new cities and new lives.



MODERN ISRAEL

new land of many yesterdays

by Theodore Huebener & Carl Hermann Voss

ISRAEL IS A SMALL COUNTRY. Shaped like an arrowhead – the head being the triangular Negeb – its greatest length is 260 miles, its greatest width, 70. At one point, its eastern frontier is only 10 miles from the Mediterranean, which can be seen on a clear day from any of the higher mountains. With an area of some 8050 square miles, Israel is smaller than New Hampshire.

An inspection of the map will show an irregular boundary on the north separating Israel from Lebanon and Syria, with a neck of land reaching up to Metulla and ancient Dan. Running south, the frontier includes all of the coast line of the Sea of Galilee except the northeastern shore.

Above the lake, the Jordan River is entirely within Israel. South of it for some distance, that stream separates it from the neighboring Kingdom of Jordan.

The Israeli boundary then runs irregularly west and north around Samaria; turning south, it does not run east again until it reaches Latrun. Jerusalem is in the extreme corner of a peninsula which juts out from Israel, but which leaves most of Judea under Jordanian control. Only the lower half of the Dead Sea belongs to Israel. The tapering Negeb is wedged in between Jordan and Egypt and comes almost to a point at the Gulf of Aqaba.

Despite its small size, Israel contains within its narrow limits the varieties of topography of a continent. There are mountains, plateaus and plains; verdant valleys and desolate deserts; an extended coast line and three lakes; the pleasant breezes of the Temperate Zone on the heights and the oppressive heat of the Tropics in the lowlands. Israel presents such extremes in altitude and depth as the hills of Galilee, which rise to 4000 feet, and the Dead Sea, 1292 feet below sea level – the lowest spot on the face of the globe.

There are, however, a number of distinct areas. Along the Mediterranean is the coastal plain. Farther east are the mountains. Beyond them is the valley of the Jordan, with its swift-flowing stream. The mountains are split by the Valley of Esdraelon, or Emek Jezreel. The heights north of the valley are the mountains of Galilee; those to the south are the hills of Samaria and Judea. The hills of Galilee, the foothills of Samaria and part of the hills of Judea are in Israel; most of the latter's rugged area belongs to Jordan. The southern half of the country consists of barren Negeb, populated and settled centuries ago by the Nabateans and only now being gradually reclaimed.

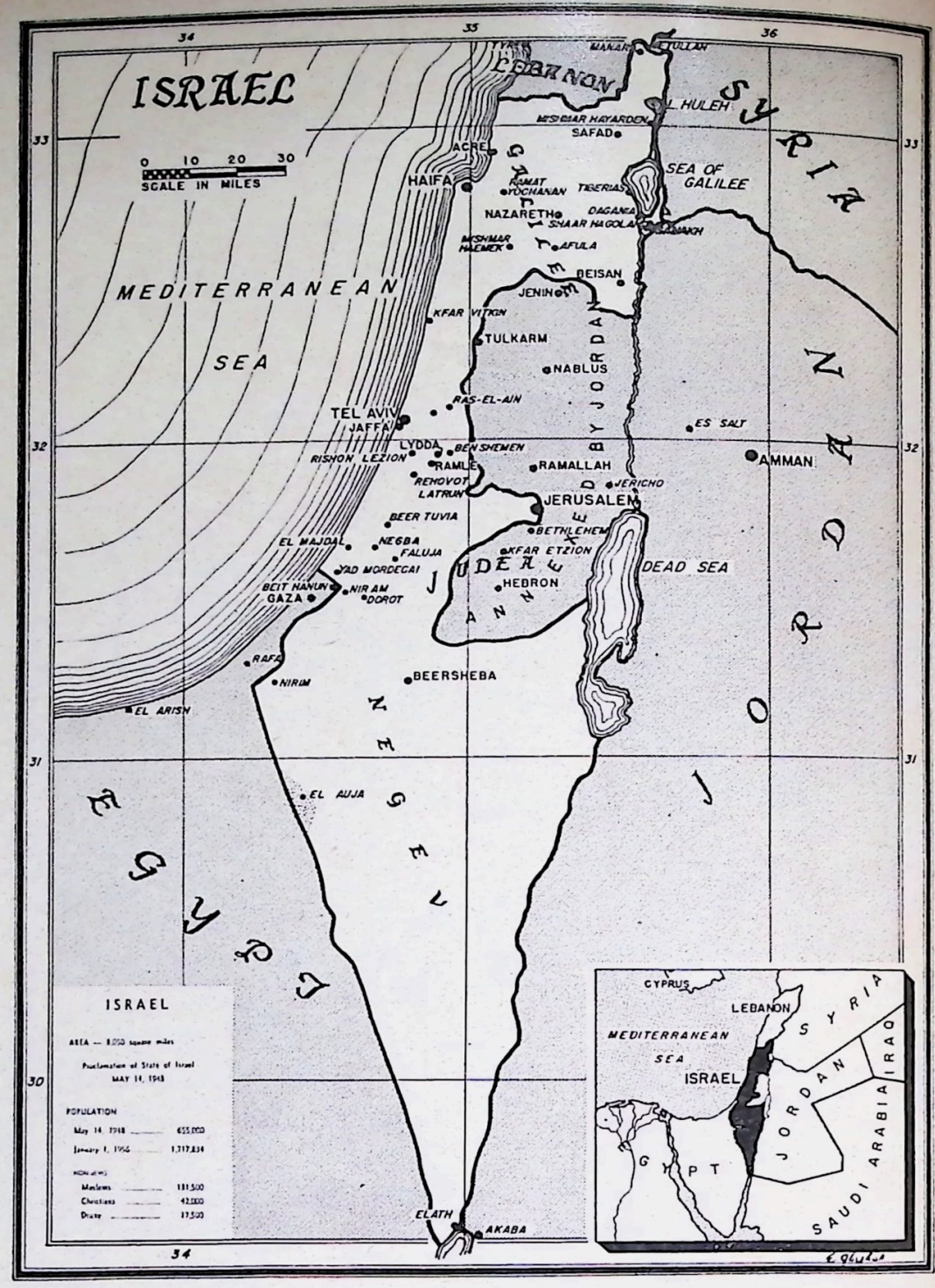
Israel has three lakes: Lake Huleh, the Sea of Galilee and the Dead Sea. Its most distinctive and historic waterway, however, is the River Jordan. Rising in the Syrian Mountains, 3100 feet above sea level, it drops – "Jordan" means "descender" – to within seven feet above sea level, when it reaches Lake Huleh in Upper Galilee. It flows through the lake and, 11 miles farther on, rushes down to the Sea of Galilee, 682 feet below sea level. After flowing through the Sea of Galilee, the stream continues its course through a deep valley until it enters the Dead Sea.

Lake Huleh, smallest of the three lakes, is set in an area of soft hills. It is only four miles long and three miles wide. On its shores, favorite haunts of wild geese and ducks, papyrus reeds abound. Despite its gentle aspect, the region is treacherous, for there is a 15,000-acre swamp which breeds malaria. A huge drainage project has been undertaken to provide arable land for 2000 new farm units. Water for irrigation will be available, and the peat of the swamp will be used for fuel and fertilizer. Upper Galilee is quite fertile, with more than 30 agricultural communities.

The second lake through which the Jordan River flows is the Sea of Galilee. Locked in the embrace of stern and stony hills, it is a clear, blue expanse of water in the shape of a harp, which is the meaning of its Hebrew name, *Kinneret*. Thirteen miles long and eight miles wide at its broadest point, from ancient times it has been a favorite of the Jews; to Christians it is sacred as the scene of the ministry of Jesus and the Sermon on the Mount.

In His time, its waters bordered a palm-shaded shore on which were situated busy and prosperous cities. Josephus calls it "an immense garden of incomparable fertility." The lake yielded tons of fish; the fertile land produced wheat, barley, olives, grapes, figs and pomegranates. The 10 throbbing towns of the region were known as Decapolis. They boasted Roman amphitheaters, Greek temples and Jewish synagogues. Tiberias had a city wall, a citadel and a palace. Capernaum was the customs station through which passed the caravans from Damascus to Egypt.

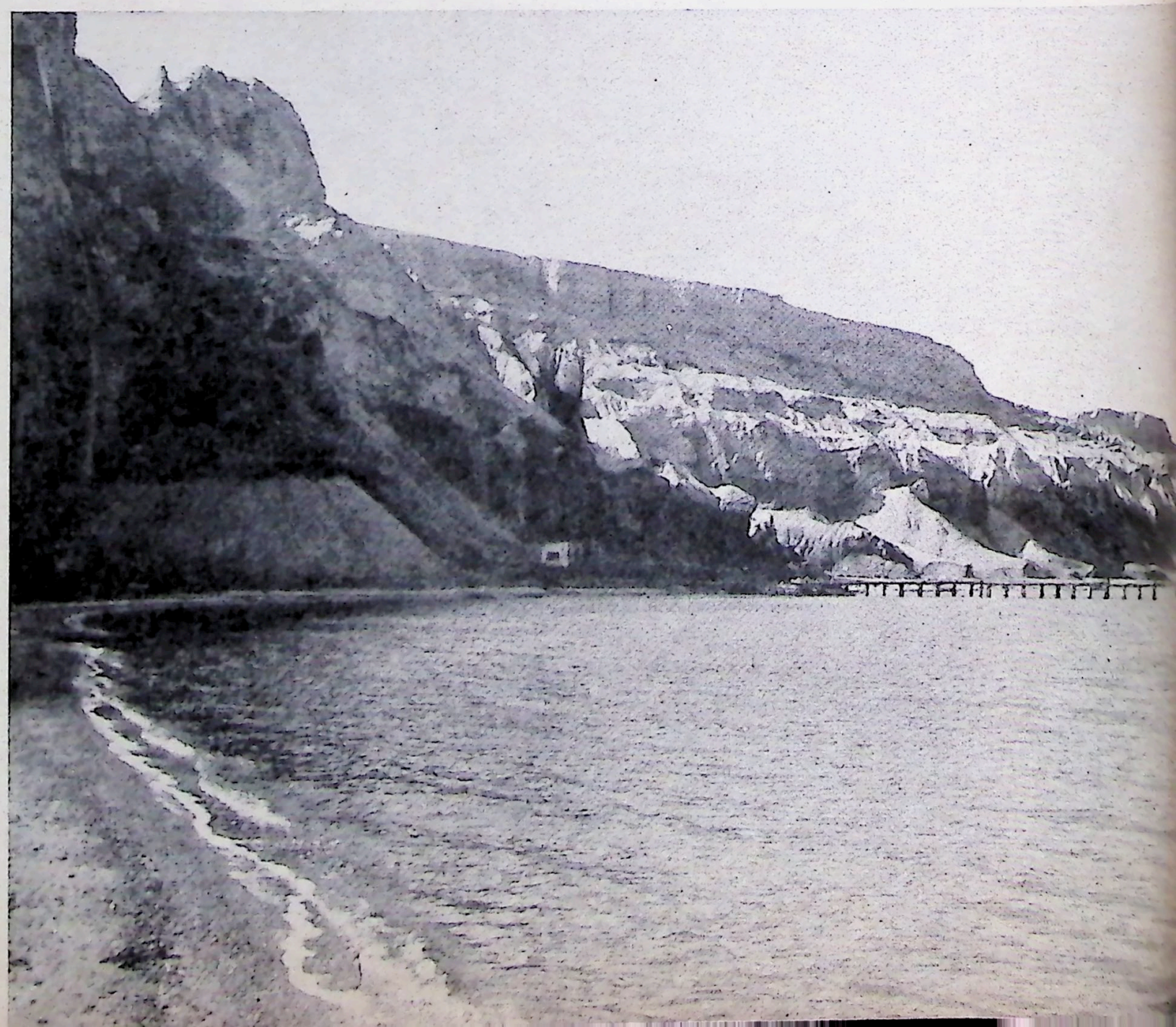
Today much of the area is barren. Of the 10 cities, hardly a stone



Israel ("God strives" or "rules"), holy to three religions, seat of strife for millenniums, since 1948 has been a state on the Mediterranean.

Formed by lava and silt blockage of the River Jordan, the Sea of Galilee covers 112 square miles. It is known in the Old Testament as the Sea of Chinnereth or Chinneroth, in the books of the Maccabees and Josephus as Gennesar, and sometimes in the Gospels as Gennesaret and the Sea of Tiberias. By its side have been found traces of Neanderthal man. In the time of Josephus, numerous towns blossomed and throve along its shores.

Perhaps the most interesting of lakes, the Dead Sea has undergone many changes in its long and varied history, changes in size, depth and character. No longer capable of supporting life, because of its heavy salt and mineral content, it may find its riches in those very minerals which prohibit living creatures. The cities of Sodom and Gomorrah are reputed to lie buried beneath its acrid waters.



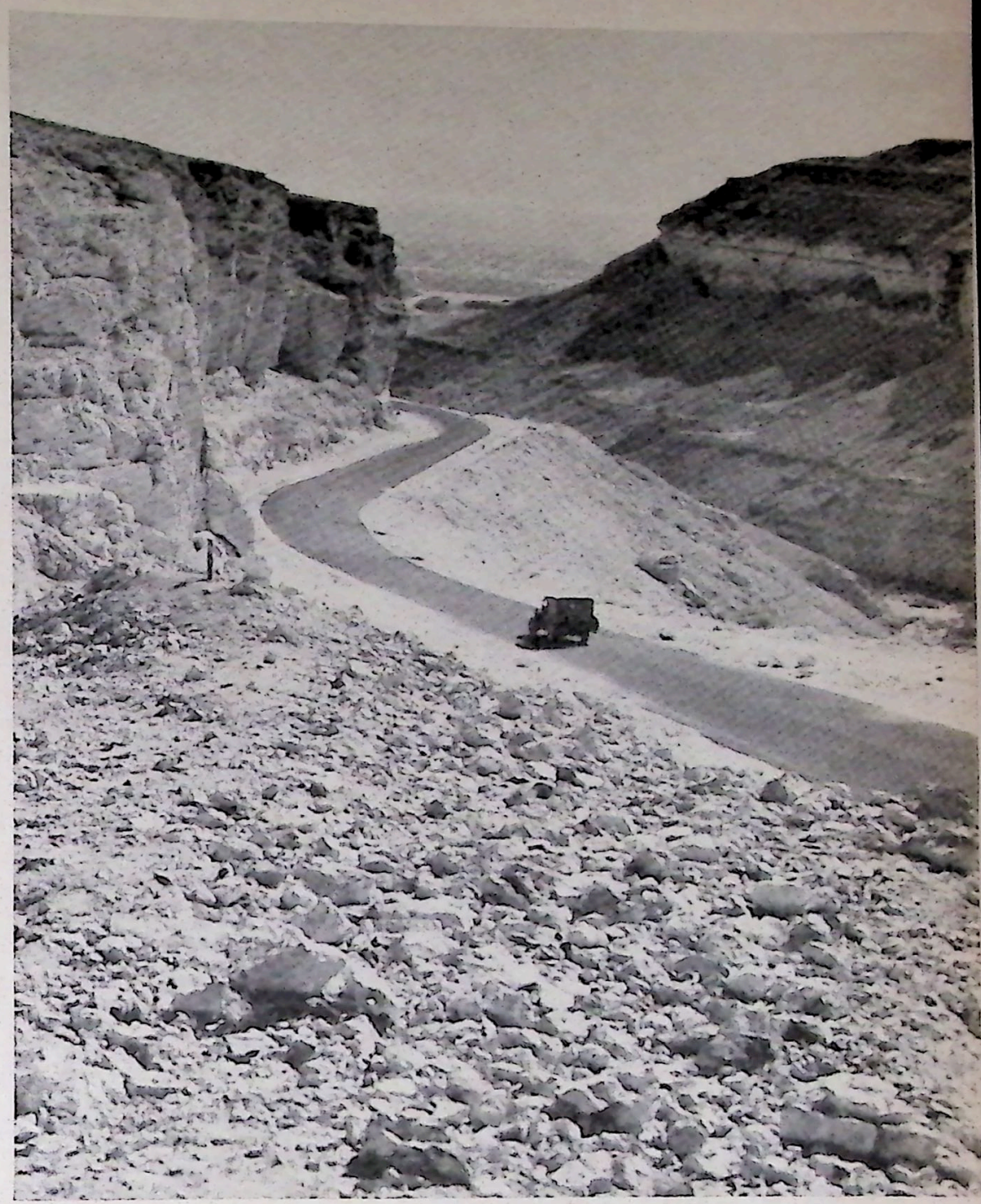
exists; Magdala is but a drab, poverty-ridden collection of Arab mud huts. Proud Capernaum, in which Jesus did much of His preaching, is reduced to broken stone. A group of Franciscan friars have pieced together the fragments of an old synagogue built in Roman style. In fact, one might take it for the ruins of a pagan temple were it not for the Star of David, the ram's horn and the sacred candelabrum which appeared as Hebrew decorations on some of the stones. It is believed by some authorities that Jesus taught in this synagogue.

South of Capernaum is a hill which is thought to be the Mount of Beatitudes. Its barrenness is relieved by a lovely Italian hospice surrounded by trees. On the spot where the Feeding of the Five Thousand is reputed to have taken place, there stands a German hospice with a lovely garden and excellent accommodations.

On the eastern shore of the Sea of Galilee lies the communal settlement of Ein Gev. This fishing village has become for all of Israel a musical Mecca — just as Dahlia is for folk dance festivals.

One of the 10 cities, however, remains and prospers. That is Tiberias, built by Herod Antipas in honor of the Emperor Tiberius. Jews considered it impure, but after the two national revolts had left Judea crushed and Jerusalem a pagan city, Tiberias became the refuge of Hebrew scholars. For three centuries, it was the center of Jewish cultural life. Great rabbinical academies flourished, and a large body of Jewish tradition was codified here. This work was begun by the brilliant Rabbi Meir Bal Ha-Nes; it was continued after his death by the Patriarch Yehuda. About the year 220, the Mishnah was completed. Other rabbis of Tiberias continued their studies, and in 390 the so-called Palestinian Talmud was brought to completion. During the Arab period, scholars worked out the vocalization of the Biblical text known as the Masorah. Tiberias was considered a holy city. The remains of Rabbi Akiba were interred there during the 2nd century, and in 1204 the body of the great Maimonides was borne to Tiberias.

When the Crusaders came in the 12th century, they built a



A new road from Beersheba to Sodom, where Lot's wife "looked from behind him, and she became a pillar of salt," winds through 235 historic miles, a $2 trip by modern bus.

A new Jewish settlement in the Huleh Valley, flanked by Mount Hermon, has sprung up in Upper Galilee, a well watered, historically fertile region with mountains that range up to 3900 feet.

Modern architecture has made Tel Aviv a lovely — as well as livable — city. Founded only in 1909, Tel Aviv has become something of a symbol of the new Israel itself and, in fact, served as its birthplace and capital. Although it was planned only as a garden suburb, wars and international upheavals have drastically altered its character, and it is now a bustling commercial city, largest in Israel. Rather than a Garden of Eden-type promised land, Tel Aviv is a rich area of opportunity, a cosmopolitan, polyglot city reminiscent of communities in European or the modern Arab areas on the Mediterranean shore.

mighty wall of jet basalt around the city. For the Jews, their coming was a disaster. Many communities were destroyed, and holy Tiberias became a city of medieval gaiety. The Crusaders, however, enjoyed the fruits of their victory only 80 years. On an extremely hot day of July 1187, Saladin's army inflicted a crushing defeat on the 2000 knights and 8000 foot soldiers who had gathered for battle a few miles east of Tiberias. The Saracens set fire to the bushes on the cobble-ridged hill known as the Horns of Hattin. Blinded by smoke, oppressed by the heat and suffering agony from thirst, the too heavily armored Crusaders could not withstand the onslaughts of the Moslems. The King and his entire army surrendered. It was the end of the Kingdom of Jerusalem.

Tiberias became a Moslem city. In the 16th century, Suleiman the Magnificent encouraged his Jewish adviser, Joseph Hasi, to attempt a revival of the ancient glories of Tiberias, but that effort proved a failure. The holy city decayed almost completely. In the 19th century, only 600 Jews were left, living in a wretched town that became notorious for its filth and stench.

After World War I, Tiberias experienced a renaissance. Settle-

Jerusalem today is proud not only of its ancient heritage but also of its modernity: landmarks such as the YMCA (above), bustling Herzl Street (above, right) named for the founder of Zionism, or the school at Beth Hakaren, one of the city's garden suburbs where Israel's future—its youth—grows. The city was settled originally about 2500 B.C. by Semites from Arabia, and Stone Age artifacts have been found there. It was known as Urusalim ("City of Salim" or "City of Peace") and was already considered holy when David conquered it. The meeting place of East and West, Jerusalem found early power as a fortress alongside the trade routes, but for this she has paid. In her 33 centuries of recorded history, she has suffered earthquakes, invasions, a score of sieges and blockades, 18 reconstructions and six violent changes of religion.

The beauty of Haifa, lying between Mount Carmel and the Bay of Acre, has not obscured its potential as Palestine's most important port. It is a railroad and oil-pipeline terminus as well as a port, and in the plain northeast of the city are its industries: large textile, cement and soap factories.

The 2nd century synagogue at Capernaum (above) is one of the most beautiful and best preserved in existence. The forebears of the villager at left may well have heard Christ preach at Capernaum or known Saint Peter, reputed to have been born there. At right, beyond the ruins of Bet She'arim, a modern housing development may be seen.

ments sprang up in the Jordan Valley, most notable of which are Dagania Aleph and Beth. The Yarmuk River furnished hydro-electric power. A shipping company organized boat trips, a luxury hotel, Galei Kinneret (Waves of the Kinneret), was built on the lake side, and a beautiful suburb arose amid tall trees. The ancient hot mineral springs were restored, and Tiberias became a spa and summer resort. With pride, it points to the fact that it was the first town to liberate itself in 1948 and to raise the Jewish flag – even before the new state was born.

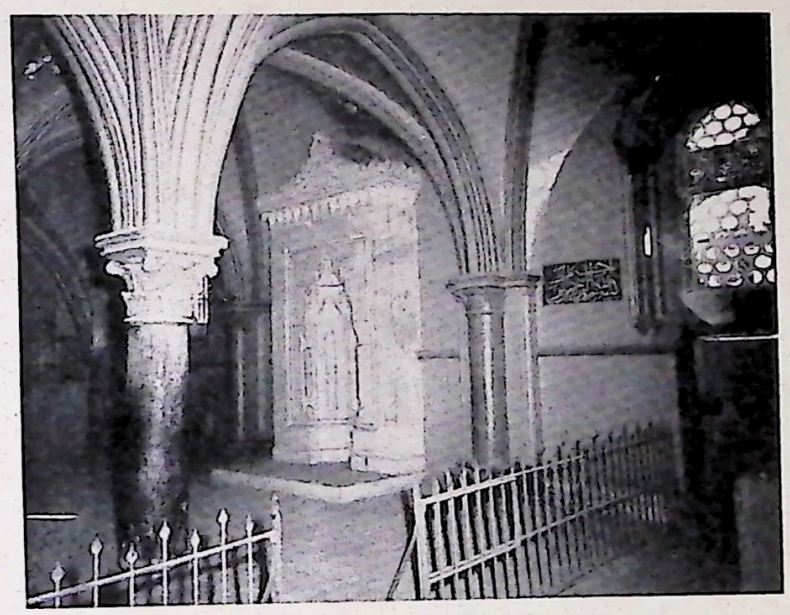
After leaving the Sea of Galilee, the Jordan flows south through Israel. For two-thirds of its length, however, it is in the Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan. More than 20 miles east of the Israeli border, it enters the Dead Sea.

This strange body of water is located in the region where the ancient Israelites believed their God rained fire and brimstone on the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah because of their wickedness. Set among the austere mountains of Moab and the barren wastes of Judea, the steel-gray surface of the lake reflects a spirit of

Nazareth – home of Joseph and Mary, where Jesus spent His youth, and to which He returned after the flight to Egypt. The city was captured by the Crusaders in 1100, taken by Saladin (1187), retaken by Frederick II (1229). It is now a tourist center.

Tiberias was constructed about A.D. 21 on an ancient site. Because a graveyard had been disturbed, the Jews shunned it.

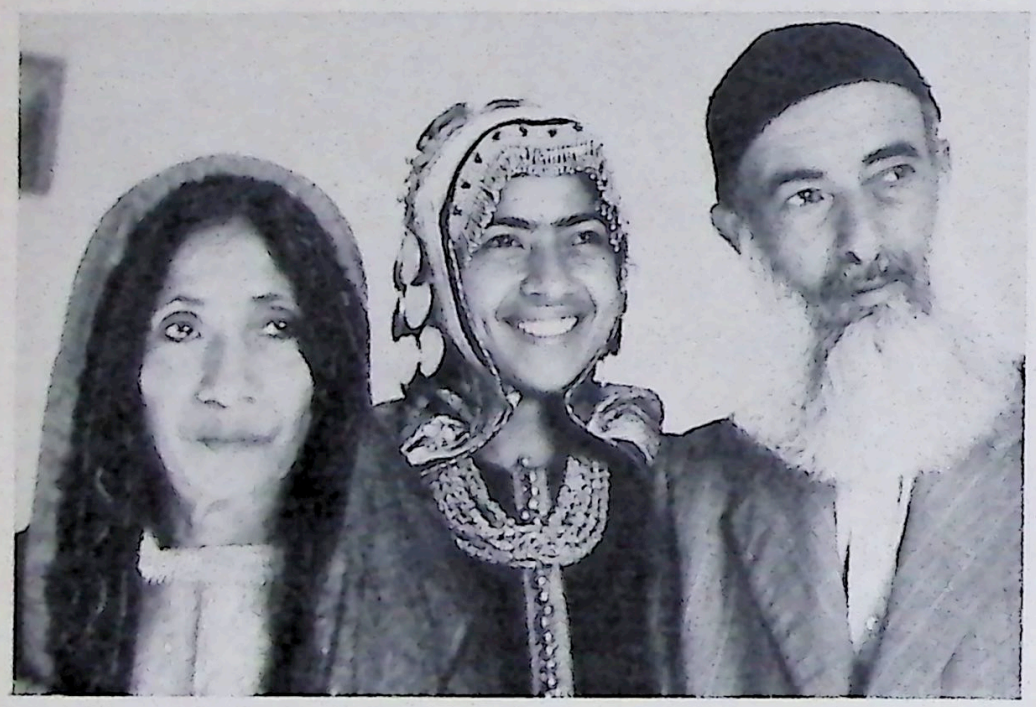
Services are still held in the church of the Dormition on Mount Zion in Jerusalem. The church, built on the spot where Mary is believed to have fallen into eternal sleep, now attracts vast numbers of pious visitors.



Pictured above is the interior of the Coenaculum, which was the scene of the Last Supper the night before Christ retired to the Garden of Gethsemane and was later betrayed to the scribes by Judas for 30 pieces of silver.

Israel is a land where many and diverse races live side by side. Adorned with many types of architecture, it boasts also many places of worship, such as the Mosque of Ahmed Jazzar Pasha in Acre (shown here).

The church of the Dormition stands out (left) on Mount Zion, which contains also David's tomb and the Coenaculum.



weirdness, loneliness and ghastliness. No living creature can survive in its waters, because of the extreme saline and mineral content. The Dead Sea is the lowest body of water in the earth's deepest depression. Its maximum depth is 1300 feet. It is 47 miles long and 10 miles wide.

In the early 1940s, intrepid young Jews founded a settlement on its shores near the entry of the Jordan's terminal waters into the Dead Sea. They flushed the salt from the spoiled earth, running the Jordan's fresh waters through the saline soil 80 to 90 times, until seeds could sprout and roots take hold. They called the place Beth Ha'arava – (House in the Desert). But, in 1948, the colonists had to leave their new homes and buildings, some fleeing by boat up the Jordan and others south down through the Dead Sea to Israeli territory. Members of the Arab Legion of Jordan destroyed the houses, cut down the trees and blew up the buildings and machinery of the Palestine Potash Corp. Now the area, under Jordanian control, is once again a wasteland.

Only the southern half of the Dead Sea belongs to Israel. To reach the lake, a road was cut through the towering cliffs of limestone and shale, descending from a height of 1500 feet above sea level. The highway which skirts the shore to Ein Gedi, leads to incalculable mineral wealth. In addition to vast deposits of salt, the lake contains great quantities of bromine, potassium and chloride and the largest known concentration of magnesium chloride.

Even more significant for the country's development are varying water projects that have been planned. The most ambitious of these is the Lowdermilk Plan, evolved in 1939 by the distinguished American agronomist, Dr. Walter Clay Lowdermilk. This involves the diversion of the headwaters of the Jordan north of the Sea of Galilee and the transmission of the water by means of pipes to the Negeb.

In 1949, the Israeli army conquered the strategic southern portion of Palestine known as the Negeb (south). At that time, it seemed one of the most desolate regions in the world, with its barren black and yellow mountains, its wadis, absolutely dry in summer and filled with rushing waters in winter, and its dreary plains. It may yet become the most valuable stretch of land in the entire state of Israel.

Relying on the statements in Deuteronomy that the promised land was one "whose stones are iron and out of whose hills thou mayest dig brass," geologists and chemists of the Hebrew University and the Weizmann Institute of Science undertook investigations. On the basis of their findings it has been predicted that Israel may be self-sufficient by 1958.

The Negeb is a huge triangular wedge lying between Egypt and Jordan and ending in an apex only eight miles wide on the Red Sea. In ancient times it was a busy, prosperous area. Here were King Solomon's copper mines; along its roads came rich caravans from Baghdad and Damascus. The key city and capital of the area is Beersheba, of which Genesis records: "And Abraham planted a grove in Beersheba and called there on the name of the Lord, the everlasting God." In 1948, only one Jew lived there, a physician. Now more than 25,000 Jews live in Beersheba, which has become a bustling frontier town.

It completely lacks, however, the color and dissoluteness of the American Wild West. Here are thousands of young pioneers, come to create a homeland and not to amass personal fortunes.

In the streets of Jerusalem there are many living pieces of the Bible – faces and clothing from many races with a history of many centuries. The Yemenites (center) migrated to Israel – some 40,000 between July 1949 and March 1950 – via "Operation Magic Carpet," helping to fulfill an ancient phophecy of return "on eagles' wings." The Yemenites, under Islam rule since the 6th century, began large-scale migration in 1881.

It is an organized movement. Youth makes its first contact with the desert in the semimilitary camps of the *Gadna;* later they enter *Nachal,* which combines military service and pioneering. In the Negeb, there are about 50 settlements, half of which are under a system of collective operation.

Many of the people who have come to the Negeb to reconquer the wasteland have forsaken the easier life of the cities to dedicate themselves to an ideal. They find the larger towns of Israel crowded and corrupted by civilization; they seek the simple, less sophisticated, less worldly life of the wilderness. This is what attracted Ben-Gurion to the desert: the simple life, the nearness of God and the easy, tranquil communion with nature.

South of Rehovoth begin rolling plains called the Darom, which also means "south." The Negeb itself begins at Beersheba. The Darom is immigrant territory; hundreds of small cottages have been built here by the government. There one can meet South Americans who dance the rumba; Algerians who wear berets and speak French; Iranians with turbans. One of the most interesting settlements is "the village which has no name." Here are concentrated over a hundred blind, who live in little prefabricated houses surrounded by pretty gardens. The Israelis once called it the Village of the Blind, but when Helen Keller visited it in 1952, she suggested that they might more appropriately and euphoniously name it the Village of Light.

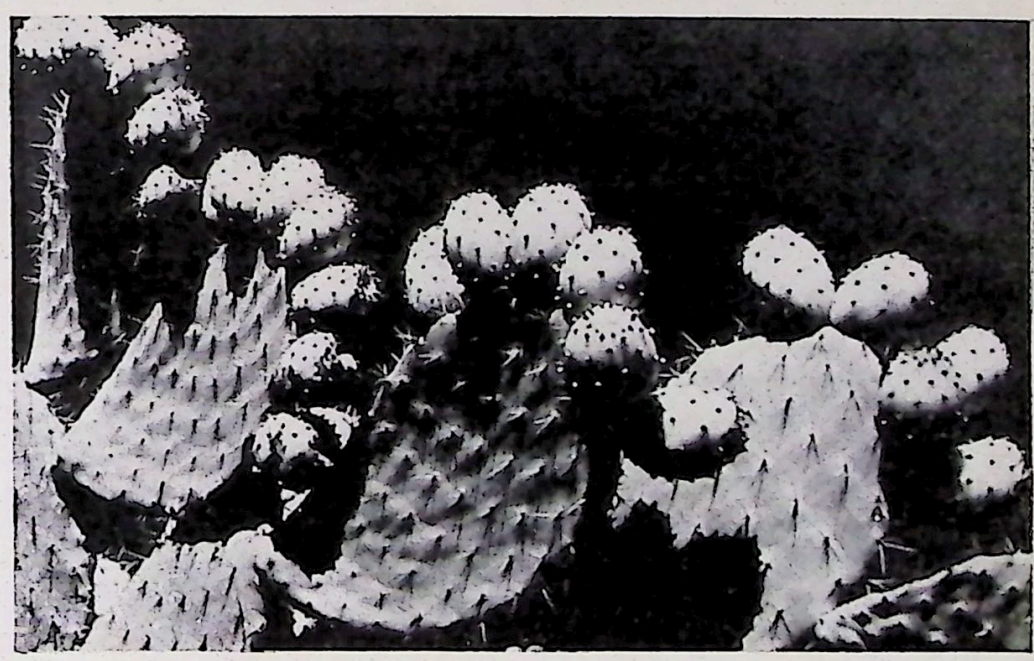
Two hours distant from Tel Aviv, Beersheba rises out of the parched brown earth. On its main street, one can see taxis and private cars, trucks and cement mixers, bulldozers and tractors. Along the sidewalks hurry farmers, engineers, plumbers, masons, carpenters and ditchdiggers.

Its growth was phenomenally rapid. In 1948, it was populated only by Arabs of low income and culture level. Only on the main street were there a few wretched shops; no running water or electricity existed. The mosque was the only impressive building in town; the only green spot was the British Military Cemetery. Beersheba was a hot and dreary outpost.

By 1949, things began to hum. There were new residential quarters and stores, banks, factories and restaurants. Now every house has electricity and running water. Elaborate plans have been made for parks, playgrounds and schools. Already there is considerable social life in the cool evenings, when the working people slough off their cares of the day and relax over glasses of tea. As in most metropolitan areas in Israel, the people are a motley group, consisting of immigrants from every part of the globe.

And then there are the Bedouins. They have been in the Negeb since time immemorial; they were here with their sheep, goats, camels and horses when Abraham arrived. Today there are some 18,000 roaming the desert, and their black tents dot the yellow sand.

Medical services are supplied to the Bedouins not only through the Hadassah Hospital in Beersheba but also by a field service which reaches the most inaccessible camps. Through an intensive program of education, an attempt has been made to persuade the Bedouins to live in houses and to use tractors and modern implements. A few have moved into stone houses and are cultivating land. However, the march of progress will undoubtedly force them very soon to give up their wandering and unsettled life, for before long the Negeb will be plowed and planted, and the desert wastes will have disappeared.



The two children pictured here represent the dream of the Jews over many centuries, for they are Sabra, natives of the new State of Israel. Children perhaps of immigrants, they have a country of their own. Their name, Sabra, is drawn from a variety of cactus indigenous to Israel that is quite tough on the outside – but soft and sweet within.

Southeast of Beersheba the farmland turns into cattle country. Most of the Arabs have disappeared, and the plains are covered with perennial grass. Beyond the cattle country to the southeast, the true desert begins. Most of the country's mineral resources are in this area. There are vast quantities of iron and considerable and valuable deposits of phosphate.

Eleven miles north of Elath, near Beer Ora, are King Solomon's mines. The Israel Mining Co. has a modern copper mine; a tunnel over a thousand feet long has been drilled through the mountain. Manganese is also being mined, and it is planned to ship this out through the nearby port of Elath.

This sturdy little town, Israel's newest port, is a community of 600 inhabitants. Living conditions are not good. The water is bad; the heat is intense. But a hospital, a post office and a bakery have been built. There are guest houses for visitors – and a number of permanent homes. Soon a water infiltration plant will be completed. Elath means a great deal for Israel's trade with Africa and the East.

Throughout Israel there are towns and villages that go back 3000 years and are rich in monuments of antiquity. However, one of Israel's most fascinating and most rapidly growing cities was founded only in 1909 and contains no mementoes of the past. Along its crowded streets, lined by cafés, restaurants, attractive shops, department stores and balconied white apartment houses, hurry tanned youngsters, eager businessmen, dressed in sports attire and carrying briefcases, and mothers with baby carriages. The pavement groans under its loads of trucks, buses, taxis and private cars. The esplanade along the impressive and exciting waterfront skirts scores of open-air restaurants where lively orchestras play in the evening. Luxurious hotels look out upon the blue Mediterranean. If it were not for the signs in Hebrew, one would think one were in Atlantic City or in Nice. This is Tel Aviv – the Hill of Spring.

The city was originally planned by its 40 founding fathers as a garden suburb of Jaffa. It was to be a residential community; factories and commercial enterprises were to be banned.

Despite difficulties with the Turks during World War I and with the British later on, Tel Aviv continued to grow rapidly. The hostility of the Arabs in Jaffa caused a wholesale migration of Jewish merchants to the new town. This change altered its original character but laid the foundation for its prosperity. By 1924, there were 25,000 people in the city. The rise of nazism brought tens of thousands of German Jews as new immigrants. At the last census, Tel Aviv's population was 358,500, making it Israel's largest city. It was in Tel Aviv that the Jewish state was born, and until the government moved to Jerusalem, Tel Aviv was the capital of the country.

There is a saying in Israel: "Jerusalem is the city of the past; Tel Aviv is the city of the present; but Haifa is the city of the future." Although it is an old city, it cannot claim the antiquity of Jerusalem. It goes back only to Roman times, and no mention is found of it in the Bible. During most of the 19th century, it was little more than a walled village. As late as 1920, it was a somnolent fishing village in the middle of swampland. About 2000 Jews lived in miserable alleys; half the population suffered from malaria. The one distinctive building, on the slopes of Mount Carmel, was the Technion, the Technical Institute, which had been built in 1912 but had not yet opened its doors.

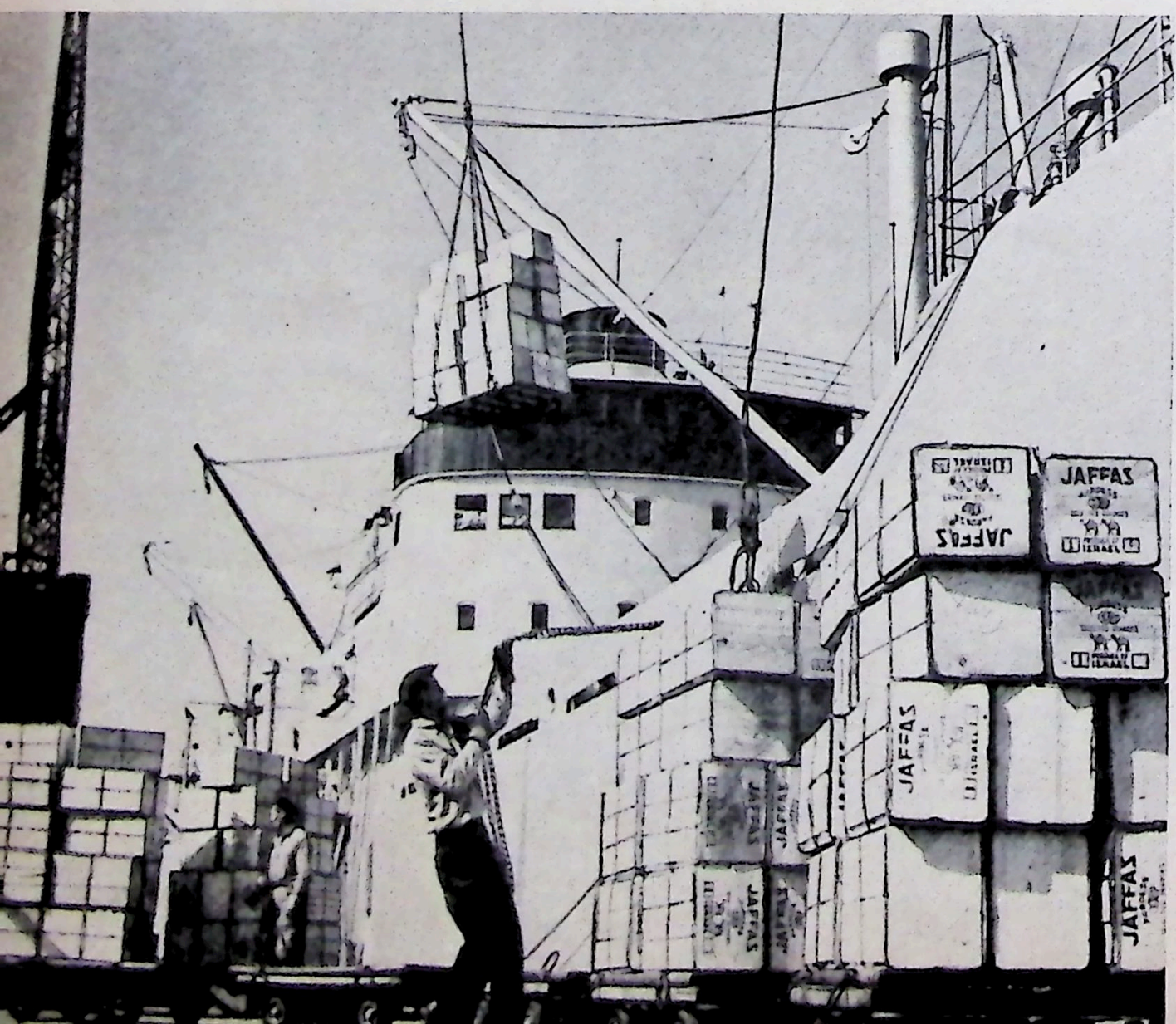
It was Theodor Herzl who, with prophetic vision, saw the possibilities of Haifa. In *Alt Neuland*, published in 1902, he describes the recovered homeland, with Haifa, its port, a city of lovely homes and gardens. Herzl predicted that it would become a metropolis by 1923. Although its population has reached only 150,000, it is considered by most people to be the most beautiful city of Israel.

Situated on a glittering bay that has been compared with those of Naples and Rio de Janeiro, it nestles at the foot of picturesque, pine-wooded Mount Carmel. The top of the eminence is 1658 feet high. It was on this mountain, Frem-El (Vineyard of God), that the fiery prophet Elijah proved the supremacy of Yahweh over Baal and slew 450 of the latter's priests at the Brook Kishon.

Running parallel to the port is the Kingsway, a stately avenue of consulates, banks, restaurants and cafés. At right angles is Carmel Street, a beautiful hill road and principal thoroughfare of the German colony. The Germans were deported during World War II by the British, but their attractive homes still remain. Adjoining the German Colony is the Arab quarter, with its Oriental market and restaurants.

Above the Arab quarter is the Hadar, a residential and commercial district, and, beyond, the beautiful Persian Garden. The garden

Blessed with a warm climate and land which – with effort – can be made extremely fertile, Israel can now produce much fruit for export. The port here is Haifa.



Those riches which do not grow naturally are drawn from the land, as in this quarry. With such rapid growth, building materials are vital.

is like a Persian rug. In a simple building on its grounds are buried two chief disciples of the Baha'i faith, Abdul Baha and the Bab. Farther up the mountain is the Carmelite Monastery, on the grounds of which is a rude cave, where the prophet Elijah is said to have lived. On the top of the mountain, one observes a wonderful panoramic view of the city and the bay. Tiny ships are seen dotting the magnificent blue harbor, along one side of whose shore stand the cooling vats of the oil refinery – like huge concrete milk bottles.

For Haifa does have industries. In fact, one of its distinctions is that, in the lonely Technion on the slopes of Mount Carmel, the Histadruth (the federation of Jewish Workers in Palestine) was founded in 1920. Virtually every worker in Israel belongs to it, and it owns more than one-fifth of all economic enterprises in the country. It is the strongest single force – politically, socially and economically – in Israel. And the Technion, the building in which Histadruth was founded, has become the M.I.T. of Israel.

Although it has been sacked and burned repeatedly during its 3000 years of existence, Jerusalem has always risen phoenixlike from the ashes. Sacred to three great faiths – Judaism, Christianity and Islam – it has been embellished by the works of artists and architects from all nations. Jerusalem is a mixture of Orient and Occident, of antiquity and modernity.

Strife between Arab and Jew has divided the ancient city into two: The Old City, with its cobblestone streets, historic churches, synagogues and mosques, sacred sites and 16th century wall, belongs to Jordan; the New City, founded less than a century ago, is the capital of Israel.

The Jebusite city of Urashalim was a thousand years old when King David conquered it in 1000 B. C. In the intervening 3000 years, it has been besieged 19 times. David enlarged the city, including the nearby hill on which stood the castle of the Jebusites, called Zion. By placing the Ark of the Covenant in the city, he made it the spiritual capital of the Jews.

David's son Solomon built the famous Temple, which endured less than 500 years. In fact, less than 70 years after David's entry into Jerusalem, the monarchy was divided, and his city remained the capital of Judah only. The Egyptian, the Assyrian and the Babylonian plundered the city. King Cyrus of Persia, conqueror of Babylon, invited the Jewish exiles to return home. Although there was considerable eagerness to re-establish the spiritual supremacy of the city of David, the Temple was not restored until 517. The attempt of the Greeks to Hellenize the sacred shrine led to the revolt of the Maccabees. Jerusalem survived these onslaughts until the Romans, under Titus, took the city in A. D. 69, sacked it and destroyed Judah.

The butchery of the Jews by the Romans was appalling. Thousands died of starvation on the way to Rome; thousands more were crucified. Those who reached the capital were dragged through the streets and sacrificed to wild beasts in the Colosseum. An arch, standing today, was erected in honor of Titus, and coins were struck, showing the figure of a weeping woman – with the words "Judea Capta."

Two generations later the redoubtable Bar Kochba, inspired by Rabbi Akiba, recovered Jerusalem for the Jews. Despite the fanatic zeal of the rebels, mighty Rome crushed the revolt. The city of David was reduced to a few streets; most of the town was plowed under and sown with salt. Of Herod's glorious Temple, only the western wall remained. The city was renamed Aelia Capitolina, and a pagan shrine was erected on the site of the once proud, magnificent Temple.

There followed the long period of the Diaspora. The glory of Jerusalem was gone. At the beginning of the 19th century, fewer than a thousand Jews were to be found in the Holy City. They were a pathetic lot: old people who had come to die near the Wailing Wall, superstitious Orientals and pious young students. Most of them subsisted wretchedly on the Halukka, an annual collection taken up for them in Jewish communities throughout the world outside the iron and bamboo curtains.

The New City is a busy, bustling place, with attractive shops, fine restaurants, crowded movies and comfortable cafés. In the residential areas, the streets are tree-lined, and the houses are fronted by neat gardens. Although it may be warm during the summer day, evenings are delightfully cool, for Jerusalem is located on a plateau 3000 feet above sea level. When looking out over the magnificent city from some high vantage point like the soaring YMCA tower, one cannot help feeling the import of the hymn:

Jerusalem the golden, with milk and honey blessed,
Beneath thy contemplation sink heart and voice oppressed. ◆

The European background of many of Israel's inhabitants is evidenced in numerous places, as in this exciting international soccer match.

Tourist and native alike enjoy Israel's blessings and natural endowments. Weekend throngs pack such beaches as the Nathanya seashore, pictured here.

WIT OF WISDOM

SAMUEL JOHNSON: Your manuscript is both good and original; but the part that is good is not original, and the part that is original is not good.

★ ★

ROBERT FROST: The brain is a wonderful organ: It starts working the moment you get up in the morning and does not stop until you get into the office.

★ ★

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE: Plagiarists are always suspicious of being stolen from.

★ ★

JOHN BARRYMORE: I've read some of your modern free verse and wonder who set it free.

★ ★

PHILIP JAMES BAILEY: The worst men often give the best advice.

★ ★

BENSO DI CAVOUR: I have discovered the art of fooling diplomats: I speak the truth, and they never believe me.

★ ★

OLIVER HERFORD: Diplomacy: lying in state.

★ ★

ELBERT HUBBARD: Genius may have its limitations, but stupidity is not thus handicapped.

★ ★

RAYMOND MORLEY: He walks as if balancing the family tree on his nose.

★ ★

BERNARD BARUCH: To me, old age is always 15 years older than I am.

WILLIAM SCHWENCK GILBERT: You've no idea what a poor opinion I have of myself, and how little I deserve it.

★ ★

FRANKLIN PIERCE ADAMS: Count that day won when, turning on its axis, this earth imposes no additional taxes.

★ ★

EDGAR WATSON HOWE: People always say that they are not themselves when tempted by anger into betraying what they really are.

★ ★

DON HEROLD: Women have a wonderful sense of right and wrong but little sense of right and left.

★ ★

DOUGLAS JERROLD: Troubles are like babies; they only grow by nursing.

★ ★

FANNIE HURST: It takes a clever man to turn cynic and a wise man to be clever enough not to.

★ ★

JEAN DE LA BRUYERE: The reason women do not love one another is — men.

★ ★

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES: Heredity is an omnibus in which all our ancestors ride, and every now and then one of them puts his head out and embarrasses us.

★ ★

JOSH BILLINGS: Beauty that doesn't make a woman vain makes her very beautiful.

★ ★

JOHN GALSWORTHY: He's not worth my wiles.

★ ★

ALEXANDER DUMAS *(père)*: Economy: the wealth of the poor and the wisdom of the rich.

★ ★

FRANK MOORE COLBY: Self-esteem is the most voluble of the emotions.

JAMES MATTHEW BARRIE: Every man who is high up loves to think that he has done it all himself, and the wife smiles and lets it go at that.

★ ★

HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE: A man never knows what a fool he is until he hears himself imitated by one.

★ ★

MARGARET HALSEY: His handshake ought not to be used except as a tourniquet.

★ ★

ROBERT BENCHLEY: In America there are two classes of travel: first-class and with children.

★ ★

HENRY FIELDING: Money is the fruit of evil as often as the root of it.

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BENJAMIN FRANKLIN: None preaches better than the ant, and she says nothing.

★ ★

WILSON MIZNER: Many a live wire would be a dead one except for his connections.

★ ★

WILLIAM JAMES: A great many people think they are thinking when they are merely rearranging their prejudices.

★ ★

JOHN MASEFIELD: His face was filled with broken commandments.

★ ★

AMBROSE BIERCE: Admiration: our polite recognition of another man's resemblance to ourselves.

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MELVILLE D. LANDON (ELI PERKINS): A bore is a man who spends so much time talking about himself that you can't talk about yourself.

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GILBERT KEITH CHESTERTON: Some men never feel small, but these are the few men who are.

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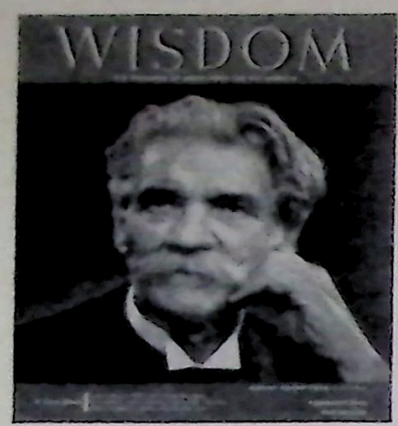

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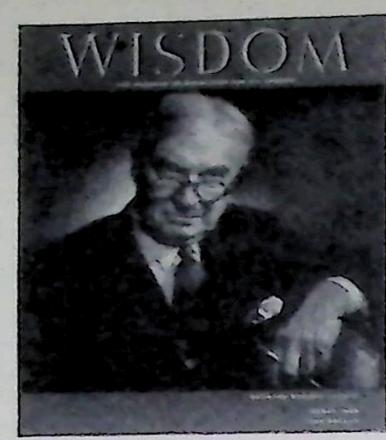

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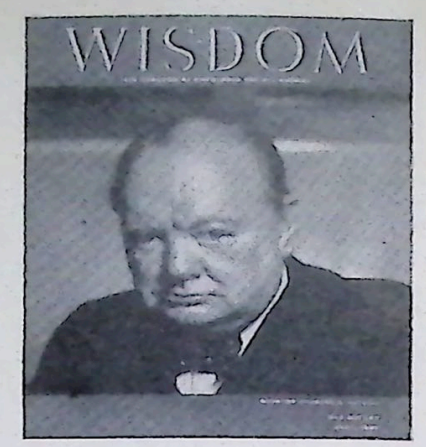

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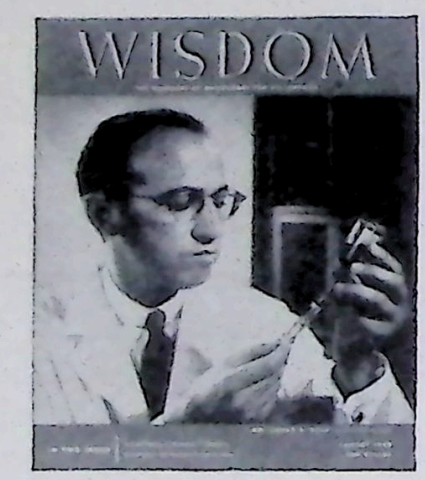

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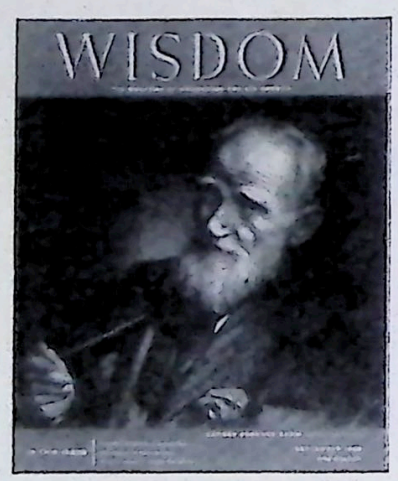

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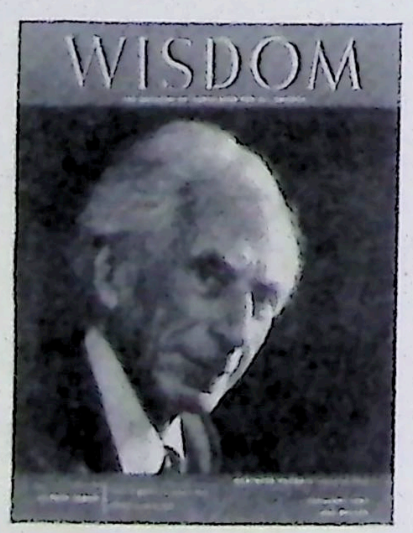

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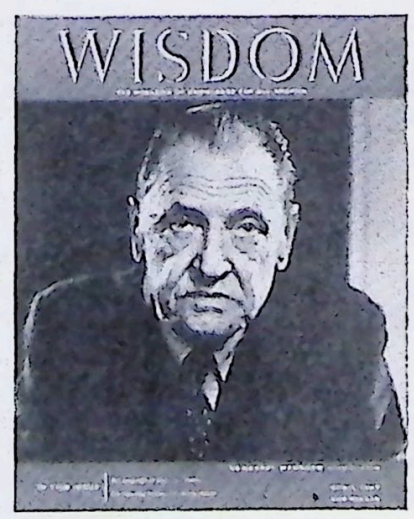

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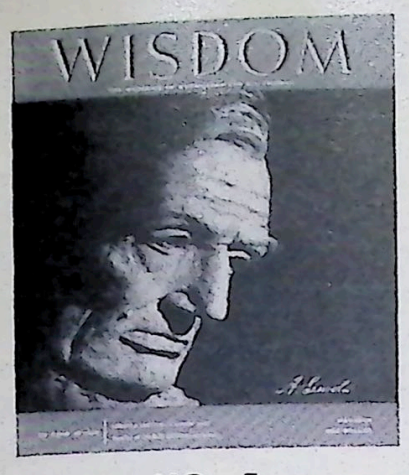

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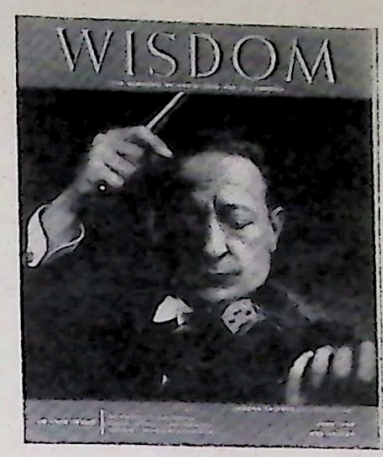

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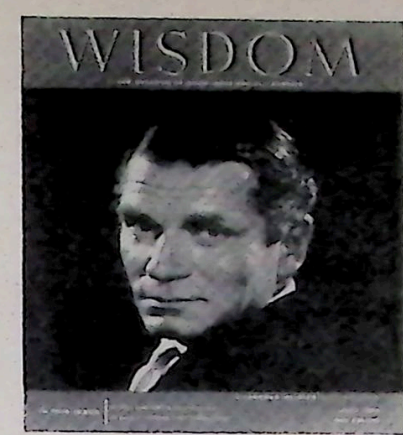

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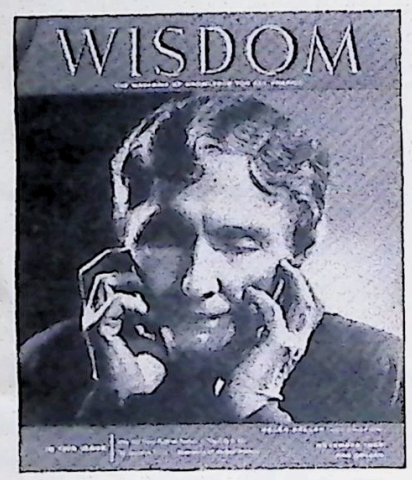

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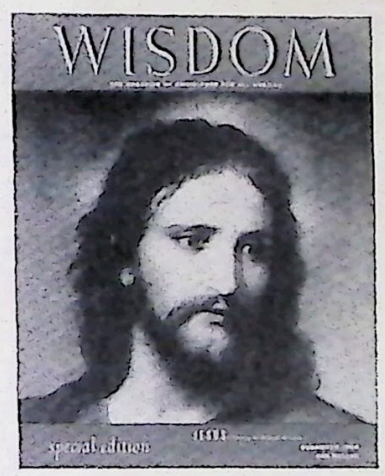

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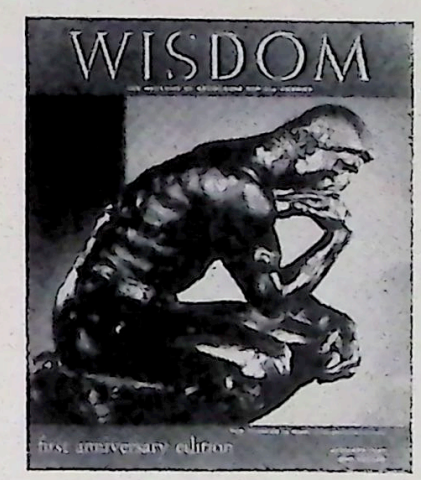

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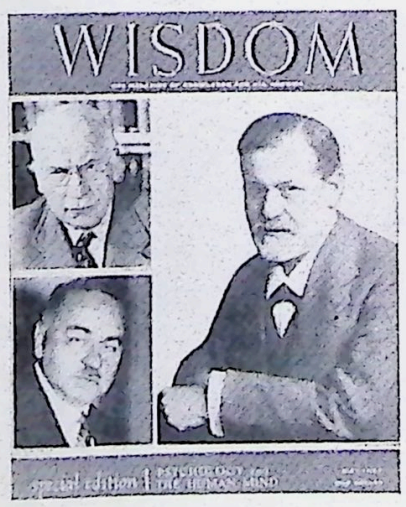

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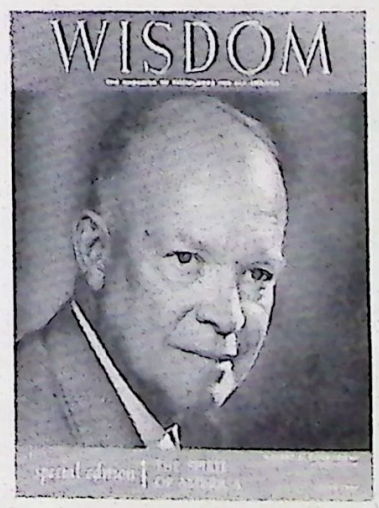

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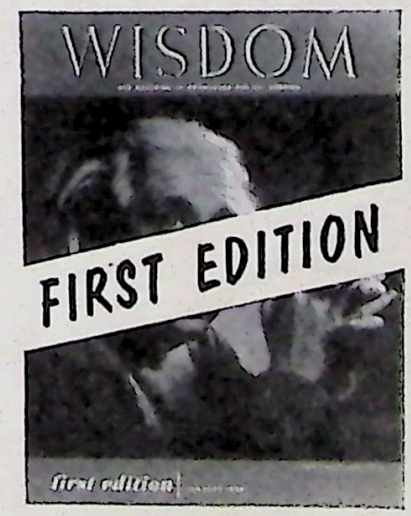

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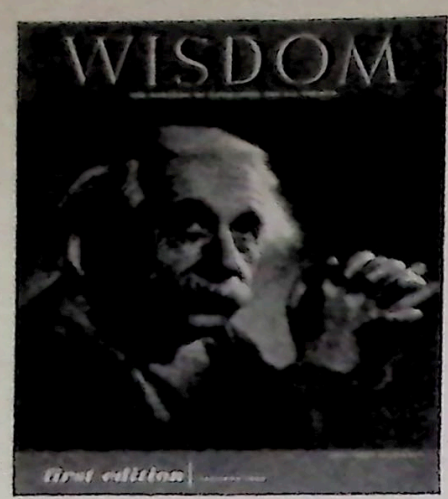

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